BRITISH MUSEUM

# JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page 101.

*The world is a bundle of hay;*
*Mankind are the asses who pull;*
*Each tugs it a different way,*
*And the greatest of all is John Bull*

—BYRON.

**Edited by**
**HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.**

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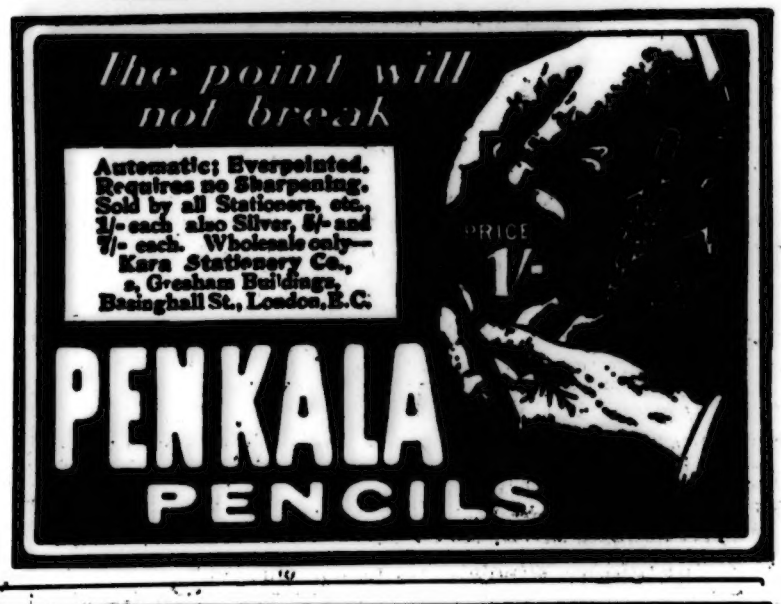
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# JOHN BULL.

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**Vol. V. No. 113. Saturday, August 1st, 1908. One Penny.**



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## THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

We have to thank a large number of readers for their congratulations upon our knighthood—by the "Native King of England." Will they, however, kindly note that we are not justified in using the title until it has been ratified by the present occupant of the Throne? We hope that in saying this we are not guilty of any disrespect towards his Majesty at Chester.

Haggerston is another "gonner" from the Liberal point of view. The Conservative will win by a thousand.

One of the sweetest personalities in the House of Commons is that of Mr. Harold Cox. Perhaps if he were more a man of the world he would be less of a theorist—but then he would lose much of his chram.

Two of the closest personal friends are Winston Churchill and F. E. Smith. And yet they were strangers before this Parliament. Passing them the other day in St. James Park we remarked to a friend, "There go the future Prime Minister and Lord Chancellor."

If Mr. Balfour would always make speeches of the kind he delivered on the Catholic University Bill, we would sit up all night to listen to him. Upon questions of this kind he is inimitable—graceful, forcible, convincing and fascinating. It is only when he tackles ordinary, every-day politics that he becomes a failure.

The birth of a new penny Liberal morning paper may be expected at any moment. It is evident that somebody has money to throw about.

When the public hooted Mr. J. B. Joel's horse, Your Majesty, at Sandown Park, it had started at 100 to 8. When, in the words of the daily papers, the "North rebuked the South," by vociferously cheering the same animal after its subsequent victory at Liverpool, it had started favourite, at 9 to 4. *Vero sap.!*

Since the Suffragettes were routed by children at Manchester, public opinion has been steadily veering round towards the demand for Votes for Children. After all, children pay taxes.

We do not complain of Parliamentary poachers, and we are very glad that Mr. Ferens, M.P., has been raising our old grievance about alien Consuls who neglect and despise British interests.

Jim Crow is going to call a meeting of his constituents to protest against the omission of an invitation to the Archbishop of Canterbury's garden-party.

It is only foreigners who scream that they have been betrayed when they have been routed, at sport. Which, perhaps, accounts for the Americans getting the Marathon race—to which they were never entitled. Why should the Italian be held responsible for something which occurred without his consent and, probably, even without his knowledge? If the decision in this case is correct anyone might easily be disqualified.

A great deal of gossip is collecting round the lady whose husband and mother-in-law were recently murdered in the Rue Vaugirard, Paris. It appears that she was a very intimate friend of President Felix Faure, and that he died clutching her hair so violently that it had to be cut off. One story goes that hooligans were employed to kill the painter and his mother in order to prevent them from making political revelations. Something to do with Dreyfus, probably.

Answering two consecutive questions the other day, Sir Edward Grey said that (1) a British minister was unnecessary in Montenegro, and (2) the Foreign Office had no knowledge of the great State trial which recently took place at Cetinje. It did not seem to occur to him that, if he had had a representative out there, it would have been easy for him to become acquainted with the facts.

We have more than once commented on the hypocrisy and stupidity of closing the Anglo-French Exhibition in the faces of our Continental visitors. Here is another instance of the way in which we are encouraging the Entente Cordiale. We quote from the letter of a Paris correspondent :—

> The other evening a highly respectable French family, consisting of two ladies, three gentlemen and a little boy, entered a well-known café in Leicester Square, and ordered coffee. After a while the gentlemen of the party took to smoking, after handing their cigarette-cases to the ladies. One of these accepted a cigarette, and I noticed that for some minutes she toyed with it without lighting it. I also noticed that the waiters kept their eyes on her, and the minute she had lighted it and drawn her first puff, swooped down upon her, requesting her not to smoke in this cosmopolitanly named and rather dowdy establishment. Consider the disgusted indignation of the French family! One gentleman asked whether there was not an inspector of the Salvation Army about. They all talked contemptuously of British hypocrisy and stupidity, and mentioned they would describe the incident in the *Matin*. The gentlemen asked if *they* were allowed to smoke, which was superfluous seeing that the air was thick with tobacco fumes. Finally, they shrugged their shoulders and dismissed the incident as typical of English idiocy and the discomforts of English life. Here, therefore, were six French people who would leave England with a bad taste in their mouths. And there is reason to believe that the incident repeats itself daily.

Once again we ask, Shall Stiggins block the way? Hang Stiggins and all his kidney.

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Had the fire in the City and South London Tube occurred while a train was in the section between Bank and Moorgate Street stations probably an appalling disaster would have occurred. Luck or Providence, or a combination of both, happily saved London from that calamity. The City and South London was the first of the London Tubes. To say this is to say that it is also the most dangerous. On wet evenings the trains are packed from end to end, even the footboards, contrary to the company's bye-laws, being occupied by passengers. In such circumstances it would be impossible for anybody to find means of egress except at the extreme ends of the trains—where the doors are kept securely locked. The creosoted sleepers on which the permanent way is laid are nearly as inflammable as celluloid. The carriages are almost wholly built of wood. Thus, in the case of short-circuiting and a fire in the tunnel while the trains are running, passengers would have as little chance of escaping incineration or suffocation as horses locked in a burning stable.

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It appears that for several months of the year, Müller's Orphan Homes at Bristol were in great financial straits, but that during the past four months the income has been larger than in any year except 1900. From the beginning of the late Mr. Müller's work in 1834, nearly one and three-quarter millions have been subscribed for the homes. According to the report, this vast sum has been obtained without any sort of public or private appeal and "without bazaars or any unscriptural ways; simply and solely by believing prayer to our God." The results being what they are, it seems a pity that our hospitals, also, which are everlastingly on the cadge, and everlastingly on the waste, do not try what they can get in answer to prayer by way of a change. They should organise regular prayer meetings. This would eliminate the competition of their official begging-letter writers, and also save thousands of pounds in printing, stamps, and stationery. Faith is said to move mountains. Let the hospitals now give it a trial.

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Talking of hospitals, they have a practical sort of matron at the Prince of Wales's at Tottenham. This thoughtful lady suggests that instead of the churches and chapels organising flower services for hospitals, they would be much more advantageously employed in organising egg services. It appears that the hospitals receive many contributions of flowers, which are usually half dead, and but few contributions of eggs. One London hospital gets through as many as 700 eggs in a day, and these are only given under medically regulated diet. If the public were to contribute eggs, all the patients might have one for breakfast. But funds do not run to the general distribution of this luxury throughout the wards, and many of the patients are in the position of the unsatisfied animal when Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to fetch the poor dog a bone. This said, we trust Egg Services and Egg Collections will become more common in the land. N.B.—All eggs contributed should have been laid by some adequately authenticated hen within a period of twelve months from date of despatch.

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There is one thing General Booth says very often, and says without variation of words. It is this: "When I am dead, the telegraph which flashes the news of my decease will at the same time carry the name of my successor." This he repeated at Guildford while on his motor-car tour, but though reticent, as usual, about the name of his successor, we are enabled to state that the gentleman will be one of the family. By the way, the General vigorously denied that the Salvation Army bandsmen are paid for their work. "They are all honorary officers," he said, "and receive no pay except the approval of their conscience." Really, the horrible slander did not require the General's denial. If the gentlemen who make the troublous music did not get the approval of their conscience they would surely not bang the drums and blow the trombones in the way they do. Music is usually defined as a concourse of sweet sounds. They regard it as a thundering row.

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As most Members of Parliament not only own motor-cars, but have also been convicted of chauffing them contrary to the Statute, it is hopeless to expect a reduction of their allowable speed until a few M.P.'s are run over and sent to fairer realms than this. But motor 'buses being poor men's carriages as well as poor men's perfumery, it naturally follows that the London County Council has risen to the full horrors of the situation, and that rather expensive body is now supposed to be strenuously deliberating on their pace, smell, and rattle with a view to prevent overcrowding in hospitals and cemeteries. In this beneficent work the members have the honour of our approval, our only regret being that they do not seek powers to smash up the whole lot of motor 'buses for firewood and scrap iron. Even the poor man would be better without them; also several shareholders.

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It is not supposed to be good manners to say any except nice things about the dead, and we should certainly have held our tongues about M. Milichevitch, the late Servian Minister, if other newspapers had not gone out of their way to pay him undeserved compliments. We cannot forget that he was the confidential private secretary of King Milan, that King Alexander loaded him with favours, and that he greedily accepted the office of representing Peter and his regicides at the Court of S. James. He might be summed up as a diplomatic Vicar of Bray. Much as we may regret his death, we welcome the opportunity which it affords Sir Edward Grey of discontinuing relations with the murderland.

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We have received some surprising news from Belgrade about a young gentleman named Alexander Gruitch. He was one of the most active of the junior regicides, and took his share in the mutilation of the late Queen and the pillage of the palace. About two years ago he forged some bills of exchange for £600. He was allowed to send in his papers, and disappeared to America. His father, General Gruitch (ex-Ambassador), disowned him and cut him out of his will. But

now the youthful murderer has calmly returned to Belgrade, and, two or three weeks ago, his father, who is Chancellor of the Office of Decorations, appointed him secretary to that office. This has aroused a good deal of dissatisfaction even in Belgrade, where people are not particularly squeamish about morals and murders and manners.

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An anonymous correspondent sends us a very vigorous letter from Lisbon protesting against some remarks which we recently made about the peculations of the Portuguese Royal Family. He says we have "now done a nice thing" for ourselves, and struck "a dastardly blow, a blow below the belt, at one of the most respected women in the civilised world." We are sorry to hear that we have behaved so badly, but we find, on turning over our back numbers, that we only drew attention, in common with nearly every other newspaper, to the amounts taken from the public treasury by the Dowager Queen of Portugal. We have every desire to deal tenderly with women, but we reserve our right to comment upon their actions when they misappropriate public moneys. Indeed, we share the surprise of the Portuguese people that her Majesty should have been tempted to act as she did, considering that she had a dowry of three million francs and received eight million more on the death of her father. But perhaps some excuse may be found in the fact that she had an extravagant husband.

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The trouble about these peculations of the Portuguese Royal Family led to the appointment of a commission of inquiry, and this has now revealed fresh indiscretions far surpassing any which went before. A certain general, whose pay was £400 a year, received an advance of twenty-five years' pay. Two important officials received between them £25,000. Another official, in receipt of £1,000 a year, received an advance of twelve years' salary, but completely forgot the transaction and continued to draw his money every quarter. What on earth is Dom Miguel doing?

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Another correspondent is in terrible distress because we pooh-poohed his discovery of grievances in Poland. We are, of course, quite well aware that Poland was very badly treated a long time ago. But so were many other peoples, nations and languages, and we have quite enough to do at home without attempting a resurrection of history and a rearrangement of the map of Europe. We are very fond of distressed and picturesque nationalities, but for the moment we are quite busy enough advocating the claims of those near home. That is why we said "Pish!" to the suggestion that we should raise our voice on behalf of the melancholy Poles, and no disrespect was intended to our esteemed correspondent, who has often enlivened us with his pertinent observations. After all, we must be practical even in foreign politics, and it would not be practical to advise Sir Edward Grey to embark upon a war with Russia, Germany and Austria to help the rather helpless people who inhabit what is now little more than a geographical expression.

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The Shallows of Spilsby appear to be actuated by ideas which it would be polite to call antiquated. The other day a postman came before them charged with using obscene language. Defendant told the Court "All I said was, 'You d——d fool, go on the other side of the road.'" The prosecutor here remarked, "Yes, I did hear him say that." The Chairman considered that "that was enough," and fined defendant 10s. Our dictionary gives obscene as "not agreeable to chastity of mind; causing lewd ideas," and we should be very grateful if the magistrates (Messrs. W. D. Gainsford, J. W. Walker, M. Staniland, H. Walker and Captain Hoff) would inform us what there was in the postman's familiar objurgation disagreeable to the chastity of their minds or conducive to lewd ideas. We ourselves, in the House of Commons the other day, referred to "a phrase of two words, the second of which was 'fool' and the first of which was unparliamentary." But Mr. Speaker did not call us to order for obscenity.

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The same worthy upholders of law and order fined a Skegness tobacconist 5s. and 4s. 6d. costs for Sunday trading. The Chairman said they were sorry they could not punish defendant as he deserved. "He set the law at defiance, and he had the best of it. It paid him to break the law and the Sabbath." We should like to know out of curiosity whether the Chairman is aware that the Sabbath is a Saturday, and whether he himself is very careful to do no manner of work on Saturdays, he and his son and his daughter, his manservant and his maidservant, his cattle, and the stranger that is within his gates. Does not he know that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on Saturday; wherefore the Lord blessed Saturday and hallowed it? We agree that the tobacconist broke an antiquated law, but we entirely deny that he broke the Sabbath, if indeed the process of breaking a day of the week is possible in any way. How long is this Puritan nonsense to be endured in an age and country which are supposed to be pre-eminent for common sense?

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A reader who has been visiting the cheaper class of coffee-houses (including those owned by big companies) complains of the bad language indulged in, often by mere striplings who use the places. He says:—

> I have visited them at all times, but generally the worst time is after 7 p.m., when most of the street-hawkers, &c., have finished business. Gangs of young ruffians assemble and gamble, using meanwhile the grossest epithets I have ever heard in the course of a long experience. Do the managers check them? No, in the majority of cases they turn a deaf ear to what is going on. It is high time that these exhibitions of temperance hooliganism should be put down, and the police instructed to pay more frequent visits to these "palaces" in the same manner that they do to licensed premises. I do not hesitate to assert that if such conduct took place in a public-house or beer-house the offenders would be quickly called to order, or summarily ejected. Why, in a public-house in Greenwich the other day I heard a labourer in the four-ale bar make use of what many would regard as a mildly objectionable expression, when he was promptly rebuked by the landlady. In the coffee-houses referred to, however, the managers appear to be terrorised, and the scandal is accentuated when female assistants have to quietly submit to the pollution surrounding them.

We commend this matter to the earnest attention of Sir Thos. Whittaker, Mr. Lief Jones, and other social reformers.

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A wiseacre has discovered that, just as X-rays induce skin-disease, so may the ether-waves of wireless telegraphy afflict millions with some unknown malady. Why should not this idea be utilised for war-like purposes? If a ray can disturb the skin, an air-wave capable of causing death at a distance might be discovered. Instead of worrying about territorial armies and war-balloons, we should only need a few instruments at various points on the coast; a clerk or two would turn a handle and our enemies would instantly be scattered. To your laboratories, O ye inventors!

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During a case heard in the Yarmouth Police Court it was stated that in a certain house of apartments, the landlady slept on a couch, the husband and son reposed in a shed on the beach, and a daughter-in-law and her baby occupied a bed made up in the wash-house. Yarmouth evidently had a full season that year, and our earnest hope is that the present one may not be less profitable. Probably if the evidence

in the case had been further gone into, it would have been revealed that some of the visitors were sleeping on a board on the bath top, that others were accommodated on the dining-room table, and that others had been put out on the tiles to pass their peaceful nights with the cats. It has always been a problem to us how the multifarious landladies of seaside resorts do manage to crowd into their heavenly abodes so many paying-guests; but it is apparently the rule that they are never quite full while there is room for somebody to rock himself to sleep on the clothes' line. However, most of us take a summer holiday because we want a real change, and in general we get it. By the way, it is surely news that Yarmouth is a holiday resort. Evidently large numbers of people are fond of the best bloaters.

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Members of the Tariff Reform League will be interested to know that the French Minister of Foreign Affairs has stated that in consequence of representations by the French Ambassador, the Home Office will exempt vessels bringing onion hawkers into England from the operation of the Aliens Act if the French Government will furnish necessary guarantees and undertake that no non-British subject shall be carried as a passenger unless engaged among the onions. At first blush our Tariff Reform friends may jump to the conclusion that this is an infamous arrangement on the part of a 'orrible Liberal Government to take the bread out of the mouths of British greengrocers by introducing alien onion hawkers into the country on easy terms. But this is not the way to look at it at all. The Home Office is making things cosy for the Brittany onion sellers in order to show that the Entente Cordiale is going strong. Onion is strength.

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The French are a funny people. They have a Socialist Government which does not practise any Socialism. They talk a great deal about liberty and equality, but they probably have less of either than any other civilised country. Their latest notion is to follow the example of autocrats and introduce lèse-majesté. If the Government succeeds in silencing these harmless buffoons, it will probably go on to take rigorous methods against everyone who ridicules a minister, a senator, or, indeed, any public official. Already, we notice that a boy of five has been fined 100 francs for using insulting language to his nurse at Enghien.

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Whenever anyone is unkind to anybody else in Turkey or Russia or the Congo State or some other unpopular place, there is immediately an outcry from British sentimentalists. But so far we have heard no protest against the French habit of shooting Moorish prisoners in cold blood. Mr. Frederick Moore gives some very gruesome details in a book called "The Passage of Morocco," and we hope that public notice may be taken of the matter. So far every attempt has been made to hush up these barbarities, and the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*, the only English papers which referred to them, did so in the smallest type and in their obscurest corner. After all, what are the French doing in Morocco anyhow?

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The minds of the magistrates are indeed a constant source of amazement. At Thorpe Petty Sessions, a shopkeeper was fined £15 and costs because someone handed him a slip of paper with the names of four horses on it. On the other hand, a man who was summoned for selling unsatisfactory milk was let off. We should have thought that it was far more important to the locality to have good milk than to interfere with the sporting proclivities of the inhabitants. We are glad to hear that public opinion was on the side of the patron of the Turf, and that a subscription was quickly raised sufficient to pay off the fine.

Another magistrate who deserves to be remembered is Mr. John Hamer, Chairman of the Bench at Ashton-under-Lyne. During a recent case he tried to stop cross-examination by counsel, saying "he did not want a chap talking all day. He was not paid for sitting there." He added that he was "sixty-seven years old and knew a bit." When evidence was given that a couple lived with the defendant's mother and two sisters, the genial Chairman politely remarked, "They are all pigging together." Counsel naturally objected to this remark, and accused him of prejudging the case, whereupon he made the following judicial pronouncement, "Let us get on. I want my dinner." We are glad to hear that he was eventually rebuked by his own clerk. But what a scandal it is that such a man as this wretched John Hamer should be set up in authority to decide questions affecting the lives and liberties of Englishmen.

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The other day, at the West London Police Court, "two weak-looking creatures" were charged with begging and "using their two children (aged four and two respectively) to induce almsgiving." How the children were "used" is not stated in the report, but obviously they couldn't have taken a very active part in the business. The man told the magistrate that he had "tried hard to get work," and the police stated that "nothing was known against the couple." One month's hard labour was the sentence passed on each, and "the cries of the children as their parents were taken from them were most piteous," says the reporter; whilst the male prisoner observed, "After this, I shall turn dishonest." Let us now turn to the Guildhall Police Court and look at another case, heard there, on this same day. A costermonger was charged with snatching at the watch-chain of a passer-by, and "running away with a portion of it." The police stated that the man had a wife and three children, "all of whom were starving," and the magistrate "bound the prisoner over to come up for judgment if called upon." Thus is the threat of the first man fully justified, and thus is the law, as interpreted by some magistrates, vindicated in the sight of all men.

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The attitude of the clergy and ministers of religion of the Borough of Guildford is more easy to understand. It having been proposed to allow a band to play on the Castle Ground on Sunday evenings, they presented a memorial to the Town Council protesting against the proposal, on the plea that, "directly or indirectly, an entertainment of this character will seriously interfere with attendance at divine worship." Evidently they have no great faith in the attractiveness of their places of worship. They are good enough to say with becoming humility that they are "not presuming to dogmatise as to the precise method in which Sunday should be observed," but they do lay down the somewhat surprising dogma that a little music on a Sunday evening "seriously threatens the spiritual well-being of our Empire." Oddly enough, these reverend objectors saw no harm in the performances of Salvation Army bands on Sunday afternoons. Action of this kind is not likely to popularise religion, and if religion is necessary to the well-being of the Empire, the clergy of Guildford deserve to be stigmatised as traitors. Rich people can have music in their own houses, and the poor will certainly resent it if they are prevented from enjoying it out of doors. There seems no limit to the intolerance of believers in the Sunday fetish. In many places they have prevented Sunday trams, and in other places they have objected to the roads being watered on Sundays.

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In a recent number we alluded to a letter from a correspondent who wrote unkindly about "Society" at Newcastle. She is very angry indeed with us for quoting from her visiting card that she is At Home

on the second Wednesday for certain months. Her card was sent not as an invitation to a tea-fight, but merely as a guarantee of good faith, and it "would have been just as much a breach of etiquette to publish the name outright as an extract from it." She cannot see what possible connection her At Home day can have with the subject under discussion. We are sorry to have been so vulgar, but the quotation was given as a piece of local colour. As to our advice that she should seek hearts instead of feathers, she replies that she has looked for hearts with very little success. Perhaps she has not looked in the right way, and we would suggest her wearing the eye-glasses of good nature and human kindness to assist her search. The fact that she was born in Portland Place and lived a good part of her life there, does not prove that her unpopularity at Newcastle is solely the fault of the Tynesiders.

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Some more school "howlers": "A battledore is a door a soldier comes out of." "A limited monarchy is a monarch who in case of bankruptcy would not be responsible for all the National Debts." "A heretic is one who never would believe what he is told, only after seeing and hearing it with his own eyes." "The Court of Chancery is so called because they take care of property on the chance of an owner turning up." "A barbarian is a man who cuts hair." "Geography is a ball on which we live." "We know the world is round because the Bible says, 'World without end.'" "The equator is a menagerie lion running round the centre of the earth." "A stretcher is what people ride on when they get drunk." "The Chartists were men who made King John sign Magna Charta." "The Luddites were shells fired by the Boers." "Sir Joseph Chamberlain invented fiscals, and wears an orchard in his coat." "The Salic Law means no woman can be a King." "Wat Tyler was the leader of the Pheasant's revolt." "*Quid pro quo* is paying a sovereign for goods of a given value." "A celestial pole is a heavenly perch."

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The following claims have been received:—

Duncan McLean, 38, Lyndoch St., Greenock. (No. 36058—June 20th).

E. F. Nicks, Ruscombe Cottage, Silver Street, Braunton, North Devon. (No. 121633—June 20th.)

P. Knight, 38, Clifton Crescent, Asylum Road, Peckham, S.E. (No. 24440—June 20th.)

F. J. Brooking, 170, St. Paul's Road, Highbury, N. (No. 128292—June 20th.)

W. Hindmarsh, 26, Derwent Street, Darlington. (No. 15994 — June 20th.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of June 27th

**1401; 3086; 6893; 7002; 8645; 8811; 9279; 10072; 10689; 11826; 15742; 17207; 20209; 22708; 24844; 25428; 28702; 37707; 48265; 48564; 48591; 50433; 59047; 60167; 63378; 72907; 75218; 76916; 77505; 78110; 83605; 85493; 86376; 87932; 88075; 94078; 101024; 101353; 105835; 107283; 107698; 111176; 114706; 117773; 118849; 121411; 123484; 125024; 127108; 130302.**

Serial numbers should be disregarded, but final ones are, of course, necessary.

The next numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our issue dated September 5th (Published September 3rd).

# "John Bull's" Biscuits.

*For announcing a marriage under the heading "Condolence,"*

THE *LIVERPOOL ECHO*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating that "a nurse in an hospital pulled a man through a very serious illness, falling head over heels with the handsome scoundrel in the process,"*

THE *GLASGOW WEEKLY MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For reporting that the matron of the Ilkeston Hospital said "deceased was admitted on June 13, and died there the previous day,"*

THE *DERBY DAILY TELEGRAPH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For telling people to turn* TINNED *fruits "out of the* JAR *at once,"*

THE *EVENING NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating that "Harrow won by ten lengths,"*

THE *NEWCASTLE CHRONICLE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating that she chose her pseudonym of Theo Gift by taking the name Theodora and "leaving Theo in the original* LATIN,"

MRS. D. H. BOULGER (Authoress)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating that trees or shrubs "could be moved without disturbing them,"*

COUNCILLOR DAVEY, of Foot's Cray,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating that "there would be an increase of one penny per pound for prime joints of beef, bringing the price up from* 1s. *to* 1s. 0½d.,"

THE *DAILY CHRONICLE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating that there were "six furlongs between second and third" in a five-furlong race,*

THE *SPORTSMAN*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating that, in the London Bachelor of Arts Examination "the fee in London is £5 (in Archæology £10),"*

THE AUTHORITIES OF THE UNIV. CORP. COLL. OF BURLINGTON HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE,
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

*For stating in two portions of the same issue that, at the Royal garden-party, "the King wore a grey frock coat and a grey hat," and "the King wore a blue frock coat and white top-hat,"*

THE *DAILY MIRROR*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating that "a jovial supporter of Mr. Chamberlain held a loaf of bread aloft on the* OUTSHIRTS *" of a meeting.*

THE *DAILY MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For reporting that "there has been planted 3 to 4 acres of lie fallow,"*

THE *BLAYDON COURIER*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating that German "stokers receive 55 pfenig per day of ten hours, or* 10*d. per hour,"*

THE *HULL DAILY NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For inserting under the heading "Where to go and What to See," Shoreham Police Court,*

THE *HOVE GAZETTE AND BRIGHTON COUNTY GRAPHIC*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

## HOW STATE SECRETS LEAK OUT.

### THE ADMIRALTY AND CONFIDENTIAL DOCUMENTS.

From time to time the public is startled by news of the loss or theft of some confidential document abstracted from a Government office and relating to the national defence. It is a nine days' wonder, and then the robbery, or the disclosure of information, is forgotten. It is seldom that the crime is brought home to the delinquent, but some day or other the improper use of such documents may well prove highly injurious to the State. It is probably impracticable to devise any system which would make such misuse of public documents an impossibility, but at least it might be expected that the great departments of State would safeguard their secrets by all available means. Instead, some of them seem rather to invite theft or misuse of documents by placing temptation in the way of badly paid men in comparatively irresponsible positions.

Let us take a single department, the most important of all in one way, namely, the Admiralty. Most important because upon the Admiralty rests the enormous, the incalculable responsibility of protecting our shores from invasion.

At the Admiralty there is a department known as the Director of Works Department, and a large number of the staff in this department are there under a strange tenure. The permanent officials number 28. What are known as temporary officials number 118. The temporary official may be in the department for half a lifetime, often he is, but he remains officially a "temporary" man, which means that he is without the rights as to pension, security of tenure, and so on, which are among the chief attractions of the Civil Service.

Now what is the position of these temporary officers in regard to confidential documents? We confine our question to the Admiralty. When a confidential document has to be considered, it traverses all offices from that of the highest official in the department downwards. To each of the officials to whom it is sent for his observations it is carried in a locked dispatch box. The official in question considers the document, makes his minute upon it, puts it back into the dispatch box, locks it with his own key, and sends it on to the next official concerned, who goes through a similar procedure. In the case of all those high officials the greatest care is taken to keep the contents of the document private, but when it gets across to the Director of Works Department all this care is disregarded. When it is amongst highly-paid officials, drawing large salaries, imbued with a due sense of responsibility, every precaution is taken against its contents being disclosed, and if disclosed it is possible to trace the offender; but when it gets down to a department of badly paid and comparatively irresponsible officials, then precautions are dispensed with. Let us give an indication of the kind of documents that are handled by the temporary clerks, draftsmen, and engineering and architectural assistants in the D. W. Department, Admiralty. These confidential and secret papers treat of, among other things, fuel oil storage for torpedo-boat destroyers, storage of spirit for submarines, submarine mining establishments, storage of explosives and cordite magazines, boom defences and mine field protection for harbours, gun emplacements on all breakwaters, defence moles, and harbour forts, Army and Navy Ordnance establishments abroad, wireless telegraph stations, Lloyds' signal stations, and coaling bases at home and abroad, dredging plans showing depths in all naval ports and harbour approaches, all matters relating to works of national defence, with schemes and plans.

It will be seen that the documents dealt with by officials of the Director of Works' Department relate to some of the most important matters connected with the defence of the country, and contain information of great value to foreign and possible hostile Powers, and for which their Intelligence Departments would be willing to pay large sums.

At the Head Office, the temporary officers have access to all papers, confidential and otherwise, which permanent officers of relative rank and salary would not be eligible to handle in any other department. All the plans, however secret, are drawn by temporary draftsmen. The confidential shorthand writers and typists are all temporary accountant clerks. All incoming and outgoing letters and official documents are dealt with first and last in the Registry, the largest branch of the office, where all the staff are temporary men. No confidential matter can be dealt with in this department without passing through the hands of several temporary men, either shorthand typists or press copyists. As regards plans, those on confidential matters are perhaps of more vital importance than the papers, yet they receive even less protection. They are withdrawn from the official papers, folded and endorsed, and placed in pigeon-holes accessible to the whole of the office. If required to be duplicated or copied they are sent to outside tracing offices and printers, whether confidential or not.

Now we should be very sorry indeed to suggest that any of the gentlemen who are employed on the temporary staff of the Director of Works Department are unworthy of the confidence reposed in them, but we do say that junior clerks on very small salary, and others, ought not to be exposed to the enormous temptation to which they are subjected when they find in their hands matter of the gravest importance, and which if they would stoop to play the traitor to their country could be sold by them for large sums of money. Surely the Admiralty might follow the example of other departments, and devise some means by which this temptation shall be removed from men who are ill-paid, who are not on the regular staff, and to whom in consequence temptation to betray would come in an exceptionally attractive form, more especially in view of the fact that the pains and penalties devised and ordained for members of the permanent staff cannot be put in force against temporary officials because the accepted Civil Service conditions do not exist for them.

## A CONVENER.

By Oor Donald.

Ye want tae ken whit a Convener is? Weel, I'll tell ye.

A Convener is an animal, a sort o' a cross-breed between a secretary and a walkin' chairman. The convener dates awa' back tae the guid auld days when the big majority o' fowk could neither read nor write, when there wus nae postcairds, so instead o' sendin' oot invitations tae a meetin' the convener jist called on the buddies tae tell them whit nicht tae come and whaur tae gang.

A convener was usefu' in anither way. Sometimes a puir young man was elected tae the post o' secretary, and the stuck-up gentry didnae want tae hiv onything tae dae wi' him, so they jist appointed yin o' the big bugs tae convene the meeting, that is, tae button-hole everybody they wanted tae come tae whitiver meeting they were gaun tae haud. Chambers's Dictionary says, "Convene: to hold or draw together a meeting. Convener: the chairman of a committee." But in my great experience it has always been a mean, sneakin' sowl tryin' to get the soft side o' the gentry and dae the puir secretary oot o' a job. It's a noteworthy fact that never in the history o' this big toon o' Glesca has a convener ever deed in the puir's-hoose. And whit dae ye think is the reason o' that? Jist because a convener is a fly auld joker that can always get the best o' his creditors, and I believe, an' there's a queer lot believes alang wi me, that the conveners o' the Toon Cooncil kens whit's what. They a' gang tae the kirk an' every yin can see them there—

Praying to the Lord on Sunday
Tae gie them strength, and wi' that power
They diddle the fowk on Monday.

I wish I was a convener! As it is, I am only Oor Donald.

## "PRISONERS AT THE BAR."

### LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

Charles William de la Poer Beresford, you that are the Prisoner at the Bar, hold up your hand. I fully appreciate the painfulness of your position, and do not wish that any words of mine should add to your unhappiness. But you have had a patient and impartial trial, and the jury had no hesitation in finding you guilty of insubordination, brawling, and other acts detrimental to the public welfare. In my opinion your conduct has scarcely been what one has a right to expect from an officer and a gentleman.

Your counsel has urged with great eloquence and ability that you ought not to be held responsible for your actions, and that any blame attaching to your mismanagement of the Navy should be charged against the Admiralty for permitting you to retain the command of a fleet. There seems, however, to have been a great deal of method in your madness.

It would almost appear as though for years past you had maintained a sort of press-bureau of your own. Day after day, week after week, in season and out of season, we have been wearied and worried by an incessant chorus in honour of your courage, your wit, your patriotism, your astounding superiority over every other sailor that ever was or ever will be. By sheer force of repetition, your gang of scribblers has conjured up in the public eye the picture of a gay, debonnair sea-dog, a kind of stage salt whose spare moments are devoted to hornpipes and similar relaxations of the deep, a reckless hero always spoiling to face fearful odds, a chivalrous patriot, the greatest, noblest, wisest admiral since Nelson. You were puffed like a pill until you became the little tin god of the man in the street, the darling of the penny gaff.

But now that your artificial reputation has been seriously dissected in my Court, you turn out to be nothing more than a tattered bogget. It appears that about a quarter of a century ago you commanded a gunboat called the *Condor*, and that you were successful in conducting some manœuvre or other at the time of the bombardment of Alexandria. Any other officer in the British Navy would probably have behaved just as well, and, if you had failed, you would certainly have been dismissed the service with ignominy. But during all these years your press-bureau, your music-hall singers and other advance agents ceased not day or night from trumpeting the glories of the *Condor* and the gallantry of her captain. I imagine it is the first time in the history of the British Navy that so much attention has been publicly drawn to the fact that once upon a time an English officer did his duty. I confess, I do not like it, and I have no doubt that the breach of good taste had its influence on my jury.

While adhering to my judgment that you are sufficiently sane to be held responsible for your misdeeds, I am prepared to make some allowance for the fact that your head has been turned by false adulation. If your intelligence had been quite normal it would surely have been impossible for you to forget the dignity of your position as you have done of late.

Disputes between persons in high naval positions are always to be regretted, and would be very detrimental to the efficiency of the service in the event of war. But while they last, they might at least be conducted with the outward forms of civility customary among gentlemen. No doubt the traditions of the Navy permit forcible expressions, and the blue water school has often been given to the use of blue language, but you have exceeded all bounds, and, by the publicity which you are incapable of avoiding, you have brought your office as well as yourself into contempt.

You may also have had some provocation from Sir Percy Scott, though his recent mistake has certainly been exaggerated. But your insolent behaviour to Sir John Fisher cannot be explained or excused in any way. It was an act of gross insubordination, and I am only surprised that he did not have you clapped into irons. You have allowed your private pique to interfere with your professional duties, and I must say that it is amazing to observe with what patience and consideration you have been treated by your superiors.

It must be obvious to the meanest intelligence that the business of a fleet cannot be carried on properly unless the admirals in command are in close and constant touch with one another. Questions of administration, tactics and efficiency require careful discussion amongst those who are responsible for their solution. But you have steadfastly refused to hold any but the barest official communications with your second in command, and have invariably treated him with that rudeness which is now almost your only accomplishment.

Remember also that, apart from the detriment which the fleet must suffer from the friction existing between its two chief admirals, you have induced a dangerous relaxation of discipline in a service where discipline has always been regarded as of paramount importance. Down to the smallest midshipman and the humblest tar, every sailor has begun to take sides, and threatens to become a vehement partisan of yourself or your opponents. What with the multiplication of cliques, naval camarillas, cabals, disputes, insults, fights, and every variety of bad blood, how can any reliance be placed upon a Navy which is hopelessly divided against itself?

The responsibility for most of this mischief lies at your door. Few other admirals would have permitted themselves to promote confusion and hatred and malice in the way you have done. Nor would such a scandal have been endured at the hands of anybody who had omitted to surround himself with the false glamour, music-hall heroism, and pinchbeck glory in which you take your pride. You have been the spoiled child of fortune, of the Admiralty, of the public. But instead of thanking the gods and the gallery for their indulgence, you have simply presumed upon the good nature of your employers. It would seem as though you had set yourself to see how much they would stand. They have certainly stood far more than you had any right to expect, and you cannot complain if now at last their patience is exhausted.

The sentence of the Court is and the Court doth award that you be placed upon the retired list and bound over to keep the peace. I will give you one word of advice before I let you go. Try to cultivate that joviality, that frank open-hearted sailorlike tone, to which you have laid too many false claims. Be a man, put your pride in your pocket, shake hands with your adversaries while yet there is time. If you had lived in a harsher age, the Court might have ordered you to be shot as an example to other admirals.

## HOPS AND BREWERS' SUBSTITUTES.

We have received from the hon. secretary of the London and Provincial Hop Pickers' Defence League a report of a meeting held at Paddock Wood recently to protest against statements made in the recent debate in the House of Commons upon the hop industry. The meeting took particular exception to Mr. Lloyd George's statement as to the substitutes said to be used by brewers for the hops of olden times. We pointed out immediately after the debate that Mr. Lloyd George had been misled in this matter, and the speakers at the Paddock Wood meeting were emphatic in their assertion not only that there is no such general use of substitutes as the Chancellor of the Exchequer was induced to believe, but that the hops used are of much better quality than they used to be. In our comment upon the debate we referred to the strange statement of Sir Gilbert Parker as to the import of hops, and pointed out that it was ludicrously wrong. We note that the Paddock Wood meeting throws that interesting but singularly inaccurate gentleman overboard. "Our organisation," said the Chairman, "was in no way responsible for Sir Gilbert Parker's figures." The Member for Gravesend is incorrigible. The hop debate was not the first time by many that Sir Gilbert Parker has made a fool of himself in quoting statistics. Some two or three years ago he was lecturing before one of the Leagues intended to enlighten the British public upon the resources and growing wealth of Canada, and a writer in the *Times* demonstrated that he was in error to the tune of over 300 millions sterling.

Smokers unable to obtain "Luntin" from their Tobacconist may have a sample posted by sending six penny stamps to the Manufacturers,

**THOMSON & PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH.**

## A DELILAH OF THE SWELL MOB.

By Hugh Mayes.

Some years ago, said a fellow passenger to whom I got into a chance conversation, I had to go to Hampstead one afternoon, and feeling lazy, I jumped on to the 'bus. I had fully intended to ride outside as the day was fine; but at the last moment, as it were, I decided to take a peep inside first, just in the way of business. That peep decided me. I stepped in and sat down. Next to me was a girl, flat-chested, sanctimonious, and untidy; but she had a little chain purse on her wrist with a sovereign showing plainly through the steel meshes. When I got out that purse went with me.

I had chosen an ordinary stopping place as being less suspicious than jumping off whilst the 'bus was in motion; and as it happened, the girl got out too. I slipped down a quiet street, intent on examining my haul, for I could tell from the feel of it that there was more than one coin in the purse. However, before I took it out of my pocket, I glanced round to see if I were alone. It was lucky I did so. The girl was within ten yards of me. I increased my pace so as to leave her behind, and did not look round again until I had placed a considerable distance between myself and the place where I had last seen her. When I did so I found to my disgust that she was still following. I glanced up and down the mean little street in which I found myself, saw that we were alone, and decided to let her pass me or, if she really suspected me, to brazen it out. Accordingly I slowed up and drew out my cigarette case. Selecting a cigarette with some care, I put it in my mouth and fumbled for my matches. By this time she had caught me up; but instead of passing on as I had hoped she would, she came straight up to me.

"Will you please give me back my purse?"

The sanctimonious look had vanished and given place to one of considerable determination. It suddenly struck me that I might have underrated her. I turned towards her in well-simulated surprise, my cigarette in one hand, a blazing match in the other.

"I beg your pardon, madam?"

"Will you please give me back the purse you—stole from me in the omnibus?"

"My dear madam, I still fail to understand you."

She moved closer, almost touching me and forcing me against the wall to avoid her. Suddenly her eyes filled with tears.

"I know you took it," she sobbed, "and it contains all the money I have in the world."

My position against the wall was becoming uncomfortable, besides being embarrassing, and I began to lose my temper.

"I tell you I haven't got your purse," I reiterated sharply. "What on earth should I want it for; do you take me for a thief?"

My tone seemed to cow her, for she shrank away a little.

"I made sure you had it," she murmured. "I don't know who else could have taken it."

I watched her curiously as she walked slowly back along the street, watched until she had turned the corner; and I remember thinking what funny things women are—and what fools!

When she was safely out of the way I put my hand into my jacket pocket. The next moment I began to feel hurriedly in the others. Then I regret to say I swore violently. The purse was gone, and with it a good deal of my available cash. I had a little left in my trousers pockets; but every coin in my coat and vest had disappeared. Cramming my hat more firmly on to my head I turned and raced up the street and round the corner after her. I was just in time to see her stepping into a hansom cab some fifty yards further on. As it moved off she leaned out and waved her hand to me.

I was a bit sore over the affair, as you may imagine, and I sincerely hoped I might never set eyes on the lady again. One afternoon, however, as I was strolling along Piccadilly I felt a touch on my arm. Turning, I found myself face to face with her. For a second, indeed, I scarcely recognised her. She had developed a figure somehow, and her frock was unmistakably Parisian. Her hair was elaborately frizzed and curled, and was vastly improved in the process. Her cheeks were delicately flushed, and her eyes flashed and sparkled in a way that I found disconcerting. Altogether, she had transformed herself into a very pretty young woman.

"Take me to tea somewhere," she commanded.

Hardly knowing whether to feel pleased or embarrassed, I piloted her to a certain fashionable tea shop in Bond Street. The place was very crowded, and this seemed to please her, for she nodded her appreciation as she sank into her seat.

"Well?" she asked, turning away from a survey of the pretty room.

"I scarcely recognised you."

"You think I have improved then?"

"I think you are simply wonderful," I answered.

"Wait," she laughed. "You don't know me yet."

She settled down to the enjoyment of her tea; and as I watched her dainty ways I came to the conclusion that it was altogether good to be in her company. I even had a fleeting thought that I was rather a lucky man to be there.

She woke me from the reverie into which I had fallen, turning to me with mischievous eyes. In her hand she held the historic chain purse.

"Look after this for me please till we get outside. One never knows what sort of people are sitting next to one even in a swagger place like this; and I am afraid I am rather a careless person."

The little purse was fatter than ever; but it had no attraction for me now. I felt that this action of hers spelt forgiveness for my past misdoings, and I believe I flushed with pleasure.

"Thank you," I said. "It will be quite safe here until you ask for it."

I slipped it into my pocket, feeling strangely elated.

When we left the tea shop we found ourselves in the midst of a well-dressed throng, and I had to fall behind. Presently I saw her push against an elderly lady and apologise. When she moved away, a valuable watch that had been pinned to the lady's blouse had disappeared. A moment later a man started forward with the obvious intention of making mischief. Pushing my way roughly through the crowd I ranged alongside of her.

"Quick!" I whispered hurriedly, "you were seen; drop it."

Instead of doing so she clutched at me.

"You thief!" she cried, "give me back my purse."

For a moment I stared at her dumbfounded. Then I did the only thing left to me. I started running. In and out amongst the people I dodged, whilst they stood and stared at me in amazement. Suddenly the cry I was expecting rang out.

"Stop thief!"

But I was almost clear of them now, and I settled down to a steady run. I had no intention of being caught if I could help it, and I knew that if I could only get out of sight for half a minute it would mean safety. It was scarcely likely that they would dare to arrest a well-dressed man strolling quietly along. The difficulty was to get that half minute. Turn where I would, sooner or later I was sure to see a policeman at the end of the vista. Never had the force seemed so numerous. At last I began to grow hot and my wind failed me. That was the death blow to my plan. In desperation I jumped into a waiting hansom.

"Where to, sir?"

"Euston, and sharply too!"

The man sank back on his seat and closed the flaps; but the cab did not move. I jumped up furiously, only to see a grinning face looking at me through the trap.

"It's no use, old cock; the game's up. I'm not going to run foul of the police for you nor for twenty like you."

The next moment the cab was surrounded by a heated and excited crowd.

Well, I got six months, and she came and gave the evidence that got it for me. I called the waitress at the tea-shop, but she couldn't, or wouldn't, remember us. I didn't split on her. For one thing I doubt if they'd have believed me.

## TO A DEAD FRIEND.

*From the Greek Anthology.*

Thou who wast once my star with starlike eye
Upon the stars art closely gazing;
O would that I myself might be the sky,
A myriad eyes on thee upraising!

A. J. H.

## AMONG THE BOOKS.

BY HERBERT VIVIAN.

**"The Individualist."** By Philip Gibbs. (London: Grant Richards. 1908. Price 6s.)

The individualist is an unscrupulous politician, who deceives a village schoolmistress, and is punished by being defeated at an election by the son of the village blacksmith. The author writes fairly well, but is strangely ignorant about politics. He (or she) tells us how a new party of twenty Individualists sat "on the cross benches between the two great parties" in the House of Commons. While the votes were being counted at Brixton Town Hall, a crowd "stared upwards at a white board, on which certain figures suddenly appeared, and then disappeared, and then reappeared with different totals." It is also news to me that gay young sparks of the present day are in the habit of carrying clouded canes. Someone ought to start a school for novelists to teach them elementary facts.

**"The Harvest of Deceit."** By Clive Pemberton. (London: Greening. 1908. Price 6s.)

This is a very ordinary and improbable novel with the usual murder, blackmailer, and sententious detective. The murderer turns out to be the brother of a baronet, a weak, well-meaning youth who has lost money at cards to his victim. In real life he would have repudiated the debt, particularly as there were certainly suspicions of cheating. Here, however, he prefers to go to the man's flat, implore him for mercy and, being refused, stab him in the back. The names of the characters are decidedly unusual, and I should like to know from what country the following are supposed to emanate: Celeste, Manel, Honarine, and Mother Anselmi. I confess I am growing a little bit tired of finding a quatrain from Omar on the title-page of every new novel.

**"The Castaway."** By Hallie Erminie Rives. (London: Collier. 1908. Price 6s.)

This is the story of Lord Byron with such variations as are generally considered permissible in a historical novel. The author is a wildly enthusiastic admirer, not only of the poet, but even of the man; not only of the engaging, cynical, dare-devil reprobate, but of the lover of many strange women, and even of the lover of Greece. Much of the hero-worship is so extravagant that it may almost revive prejudices which had long been obliterated, and the idealisation of the hero's passion for the Countess Guiccioli is utterly at variance with all previous versions. However, the main thing is that the story is written with considerable spirit, and may be read with considerable pleasure, though I cannot see that there was any need for a revised version of the life of Byron, who has already been sufficiently translated by Tom Moore, and transfigured by Disraeli.

**"The Weaning."** By James Blyth. (London: Laurie. 1908. Price 6s.)

This is a silly book, chiefly about Cambridge undergraduates, calf-love, and motor-cars. Strenuous attempts at humour are singularly unsuccessful.

**"The Place Taker."** By Peter Earlston. (London: Greening. 1907. Price 6s.)

This is a fairly plausible shocker, though not altogether convincing. I do not believe that even in America business people are quite so ready to undertake a commission to commit murder as the author of this book seems to imagine. However, he contrives to sustain our interest, and that is the main thing, though I could wish that he had not dipped so deeply into guide-books for his local colour. Some of his good people are even more ridiculous than his villains. For instance, there is a benevolent old lady, who has no hesitation about compounding a felony on her death-bed. The author is occasionally happy with his phrases. We are introduced to "a very stout, red-faced man, whose legitimate end, barring motor-cars, was written on the back of his neck." There is a man called James Floyd Duncan, who "belonged to that species of men who part their hair in the middle and their name at the side." This is evidently a subtle way of endorsing the absurd Yankee habit of inserting an initial between the Christian and surname. There are plenty of mistakes in this book, particularly with reference to legal procedure, but it will serve to while away an idle hour.


"YOUTH AT THE HELM"

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SHE: I hope you will ALWAYS smoke them.
HE: Why?
SHE: Our Doctor says they are HARMLESS on account of their ABSOLUTE PURITY

## THE SPIDERS AND THE FLY.

By Ambrose Russan.

It was an advertisement which tempted the fly to the spiders' den. The fly possessed a fairly large business, but his capital was but small. So the advertisement caught him. He had been seeking just such an advertiser for some time.

"To Business Men. A gentleman is prepared to invest up to £20,000, as required, in one or more good, going concerns.—Apply, X.Y.Z., etc."

The fly wrote promptly, and received a speedy reply, making an appointment. The stationery was excellent. With some difficulty the fly discovered the address. It was up three flights of narrow, and not too cleanly stairs, somewhere in the City, no matter where. At the rather mean door the fly paused. It was so very like the entrance to a—well—a house-spider's web in a dark corner. He listened. Not a sound escaped from the office of the gentleman with £20,000 to invest. He pushed open the door and entered.

Instantly a Remington began to rattle and whirr. A lady had begun to type for her life. Another lady and a boy were addressing envelopes at great speed. A telephone bell rang in an adjoining room, and a man began to talk in very loud tones. The fly, having rather long legs, could see over the low partition into the tiny outer office, and a few quick glances revealed one or two curious things.

The boy had no ink in the pen with which he was so rapidly addressing envelopes. The lady typist was writing lines of capital letters and figures on paper which bore no heading. The fly, being rather a wideawake fly, was exceedingly interested. But the loud voice in the inner sanctum drew his attention and riveted it. The Remington stopped rattling at once.

"That's quite right, Mr. Stoddart," said the voice, so that all in the building might hear without listening, if they wished to. "The accountant's report on your trading position is quite satisfactory, and the five thousand will be at your disposal as soon as—eh, what. Oh, yes—as soon as you have signed the contract. What? Certainly—ready by Friday next. Yes, yes—good-bye."

The voice ceased, and it was perhaps a curious coincidence that at that exact instant the lady who had been so busy with the capital letters and figures caught sight of the fly.

"To see Mr. Blank?" she queried, briskly. "By appointment?"

"Certainly," and the fly sent in his card. As the door of the inner office opened, the telephone bell rang, and the loud voice was heard again.

"Hello! Yes! Who are you? Oh!—is that you, Mr. Davis. Oh, yes. Well—you know—my client rather draws the line at a thousand. Just as much trouble to look after a thousand as twenty thousand. Yes, yes—well, that's his view. Oh, yes, very favourably impressed indeed. Pity you haven't business enough for two thousand at least. What?—of course. It's to my interest to do all I can. Yes—good-bye."

Again the voice ceased. At once the typist ushered the fly into the sanctum, which, if anything, was a size smaller than the outer office. At the table sat two gentlemen, one oldish, the other young, and both of marked Semitic type. They rose with alacrity.

"Good morning, Mr. Mouche," exclaimed the senior. "Take a chair. What can we have the pleasure of doing for you?"

"You got my letter?" began the fly.

The junior spider commenced to turn over a great heap of correspondence.

"Yes, yes," said the senior, "we shall find it. Hem! Pray excuse me one moment." The senior spider struck a bell. The typist entered with a note-book. "There is an important letter I must send off at once," he continued, "while the subject is fresh in my memory. Write to Mr. C. B. A."

The lady typist opened her book and wrote to the spider's dictation.

"Dear Sir,—I am sending this letter by hand, as it is important that you should receive it at once. Mr. Rawston will join you as a limited partner under the new Act. He will put three thousand into your business, but stipulates for a separate bank account, a joint account with you, all cheques drawn on that account to be signed by both of you. If you are agreeable you may consider the business closed."

"That will do, miss. By hand, you know. Now, Mr. Mouche"—the senior spider turned to the fly—"I really must apologise. Ah, here is your letter—I——"

Instantly the telephone bell rang. "Dear me!" exclaimed the senior spider, "what a nuisance!" He reached for the receiver. "Hello! Who are you? What do you want? What? Oh, you're Mr. Green? Well, look here, Mr. Green, you know, the first thing to do is to pay this firm's fee—Eh! What? We can't do that——"

"Cool, anyhow," cut in the junior spider, who had the extra receiver at his ear.

"But I told you the booking fee," continued the senior. "Twenty guineas. The money you want is ready, but you must pay our fee—that's a *sine qud non*. Take your cheque? Of course, my dear sir. Send it along. If it's open, I'll get your affair settled to-day—Good!—Right you are!—Good-bye, Mr. Green." Once more the senior spider turned to the fly. "At last, Mr. Mouche, I can attend to you." Very carefully he studied the fly's communication.

Meanwhile, the fly, being, as already remarked, fairly wideawake for a fly, had covertly studied the correspondence on the table, now scattered about. He noticed that many of the sheets were soiled, while the dates at their tops were mostly in 1907, some even being dated 1906. Seated within a foot or so of the telephone standard, and, for a fly, being fairly familiar with telephones, he was struck by the fact that in not one of the conversations he had listened to had the young ladies at the Exchange cut the senior spider off, which in itself was almost a miracle. Then the inarticulate sounds which even the best instruments emit under vibration were not audible, and—well—the fly was, and is, quite prepared to take oath that wherever the Mr. Green who had been so backward in sending his cheque for twenty guineas may have been at the time, he certainly was not at the other end of the wire.

"I have studied your proposition, Mr. Mouche," said the senior spider, presently, "and it certainly appeals to us. I should say it will be an easy task, and the business will suit our very best client at this time down to the ground—I mean the gentleman on whose behalf we have been advertising. All you have to do is to get your name entered in our books."

"And the fee?" queried the fly.

"Is—well, generally twenty guineas, payable in advance, of course, but as your proposition is so good, and therefore should be so easy, suppose we say five guineas?"

"That's very moderate," said the fly, "but as I have left my cheque-book at the office I shall have to post you the money."

As the fly descended the narrow stairs he smiled amusedly several times.

"Fairly clever," he said to himself, "but too thin, and badly worked out in detail. Too great economy in type-writing, stationery, and in ink and envelopes. The telephone service is far too perfect. And as for those old letters, that is really gross carelessness."

And once more the fly smiled his amusement.

## THE "NATIVE KING OF ENGLAND" AGAIN.

### HIS MAJESTY CALLS UPON MR. SPEAKER TO MAKE AN IMPORTANT PROCLAMATION.

We have been commanded by His Majesty the "Native King of England" to convey the following important letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons:—

With my best Respects From my *own Estate*,
Upton *Condemned* Asylum, Chester.
July 16th, 1908.

To The Right Hon. The Speaker of The English House of Parliament.

Dear Mr. Lowther,—In Honour of the King's name I Refer you to A Letter written by Me. And published on the 11th Inst. in A Newspaper Registered in the name of John Bull: page 27.

*Right Hon. Sir*, You have full Powers and Authority from Me (The Greatest Legal Authority in this Nation) To Summon a Royal Commission. For the purpose of *Testing* The Contents of The Said published Letter in John Bull. You have further Authority from Me the Writer of said Letter. To Summon Edward the Seventh and His Son (*commonly called* The Prince of Wales) To Appear at The Bar of *My House* of Parliament To Hear the Contents of that Letter Read in a *Loud* Voice by You. You must have all the Members, *if well*, In their places at the Time you Read My Letter to Edward the Seventh and His Son. When You Read my Letter You have Authority from Me to Call on Edward the Seventh and His Son to *prove* Their *Claim* to The Title of *Earl* of *Chester*. I Accused Him. Your House have Authority to Try Him *Immediately*. Yours Truly,

H.R.H. Chester.

We will take an early opportunity of obeying His Majesty's commands.

## AMONG THE MUMMERS.

### "There's Hair"—and Hats.

As one needs a long spoon to sup with the Devil, so one needs a cute intellect to circumvent a lady. When she will, she will, etc. All over the theatrical world, in America and Africa, as well as in London and Paris there has been an uprising of managers and other male persons lately against the lady's hat in the theatre. Messrs. Barker and Vedrenne, Mr. Robert Courtneidge, and others in London have formulated requests that ladies should remove their hats at the play, and have threatened more or less effectively to remove such hats as were not removed. In Paris, where ladies wore hats at the theatre in the evening as well as in the afternoon, the nuisance became so great when the cart-wheel fashion set in that a municipal ordinance was promulgated on the subject; and Cairo has followed the example of Paris by bringing the Governor's administration to bear on the offending millinery. But if a woman wants to create a stir as she enters the theatre and a sensation after she gets to her seat, she will do so, whatever mere men may arrange with a view to preventing it. "There's hair," if hats are prohibited; and probably a nodding plume that plays about before one all the evening and occasionally tickles one's nose (unless its wearer be very nice indeed—nice to you, I mean), can annoy one as much as the largest hat that was ever made.

### Woman to the Rescue!

Only a woman is capable of dealing with other women in these matters. The highly-dressed head, composed of nine-tenths false and one-tenth real hair, has succeeded in the Paris theatres, and to some extent in the London theatres to the enormous hat. But a lady has come to the rescue. She does not content herself, as I have heard ladies at London theatres do when suffering from hat or hair worn by a woman between them and the stage, with talking half-aloud—just loud enough for the other woman to hear—about the guys one does see at the play sometimes, and how the uglier a woman is the more reckless she is invariably about the comfort of those who have to sit behind her. She goes further, does Madame Réjane; for she is the Parisian lady who is fighting the high-haired women in the French capital. Being a theatre manager, she has emphatically declared that she will have no woman admitted who is so rude as to inconvenience wilfully those who would patronise the same parts of the house. Réjane sells all tickets accompanied by a written condition, stating that their user must attend "sans chapeau ni coiffure empêchant de voir." I can imagine some delicate discussions on the point whether a made-up head is obstructive or not; and the thought of a Parisian female of the more dashing sort being conveyed to the cloak-room and there "rearranged" is one full of alarming as well as humorous possibilities.

### Too Much and too Little.

When Madame Réjane has compelled the ladies of Paris to take a little off their heads, perhaps she will compel them to put a little more on their bodies on going to the theatre. If all women were the more lovely the more we saw of them, I should hesitate to condemn any for her attachment to a figure of V and the scantiest of trimmings. But, though gallantry forbids, perhaps, plain truth compels me as a habitual theatre-goer to assert that not one woman in a hundred would show more of herself than she has to, if she knew what the men who sit beside her or behind her, especially behind her, at the theatre think about her neck and her shoulder-blades—not to mention her spinal column. More distressing sights can be seen in the stalls of a West End theatre any evening, and especially on first-nights, than on the stage of the most ballety music-hall; and that is saying a very great deal. So far as she has gone Réjane deserves thanks; but I hope she will go further.

### The New Dancer.

Talking of ballet, I hear the most promising accounts of the new première danseuse for the Alhambra. Genée has left us—although she is now in London temporarily, it is doubtful whether we shall see her very often in future, and America seems likely to be her home in days to come. To Genée's throne, but at the rival house, Petersen succeeds. There had been great dancers in London no doubt before Genée; but I question whether there was ever one more popular, or, on the whole, more charming.

### The Use of the Press.

Petersen was dancing in the ballet at the Copenhagen Royal when a young journalist asked her how she liked it. She said she did not like it at all, as she could not possibly get further forward so long as the elderly *prime donne* hung on to their jobs. The journalist smelt a sensation in this; and he was a picturesque reporter. So he wrote that Petersen had averred that she would never get her chance until she had to embrace it on crutches, or something of that kind! She was called upon to deny the report or apologise, and she refused to do either. Thus, she was dismissed—and put on at the Scala with a much higher salary. There Marinelli saw her and fixed a five years' contract for the London Alhambra, where Petersen arrives in September and appears in October. If she is half so clever and pretty as the stories say, she will be a big popular success.

P.


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## OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS, AND TELEGRAMS.

**To the Earl of Rosebery.**

Dear Rosebery,—Whenever you bob up nowadays—either in the House of Lords or elsewhere—it is invariably for the purpose of bewailing some piece of legislation or some proposal about which everyone else is agreed. Of course that is the way to keep your name up, but it gets you the reputation of being sour and cynical.

Your latest outbreak is against Old Age Pensions. You think they are arrant Socialism and that they will deal a blow at the financial foundation of the Empire. Now, do you really? Or were you pulling our legs?

What about Young Age Education? I don't remember your voice being raised against that. Just reflect for a moment. A little more than a generation ago, just when you were getting ready for the 'varsity, the country was spending less than half a million a year on elementary education; now it spends over twenty-five millions. If you tell me that half the money is thrown away I shall not quarrel with you—but the fact remains that we have somehow or other managed to find it. Then take our Poor Law system—more Socialism, with a vengeance! That costs another twenty millions a year, and we manage to find it. Again, I agree that much of it is wasted, but there it is.

And, now, because we are about to make a start by giving those who happen to live beyond their allotted span a few bob a week just to keep them outside the workhouse, you wax hysterical and talk about the impending downfall of our Empire. Suppose the scheme costs ten millions to begin with. Don't you really think that even without any kind of new taxation the money can be found? Why, an economy of less than five per cent. on our present Civil Service and rate-aided expenditure would produce it!

Cease croaking, my dear Rosebery. After all, protests against adventitious aid to old age comfort sound strange from you, when you come to think about it. Let you and your noble colleagues pass the Bill—*I'll* find the cash.

John Bull.

**To the Members of the Public Health Congress, Manchester.**

Gentlemen,—What a fly lot you are, and yet—to use an Americanism—there can be no flies on you, for I doubt if even the most daring *Musca domestica*, as you, of course, call it, would venture to alight upon one of your learned pates. All the same, you appear to have quite an ill-feeling against the fly. Indeed, one of you went so far as to denounce it as "the most dangerous animal in the Kingdom," though, in my ignorance, I have always imagined it to be an insect. I have never denied that the fly—pardon the common term—is a dem nuisance, but I never suspected it of waging war upon humanity to the extent you have divulged. Really it quite startled me to learn that the miserable little—animal—which persists in mistaking my cranium for a miniature Stadium, was in truth a vehicle of many deadly diseases. Indeed, I could scarcely credit the fact now, but for the assurance of so many shining scientific lights. In the case of the *Calliphora vomitoria*, which *I* call bluebottle, or the *Stomoxys calcitrans*, alias stable-fly, my doubts vanish. Ins—animals—with such names must be capable of anything, and wholesale murder would be mere recreation. The statement, too, by one of your number, that each fly can carry a cargo of a hundred thousand bacilli is amazing—I trust he counted them carefully, as I hate carelessness in figures. Considering the multitudes of flies, the human race should have been wiped out long ago. And why don't the bacilli slay the flies? I have just counted, and there are fifty flies, representing five million bacilli, in my room. Pity they don't organise. What with germs and Germans, I am getting quite timid. Please don't discover any more horrors; give your mighty intellects a rest or devote them to inventing a reliable fly-catcher. Buzz-z-z.

John Bull.

**To Signor Piero Dorando, The Stadium, White City, London.**

My Dear Piero,—You, who were the representative in the Marathon race of a country whose history intermingles with that of Greece in glory and in tragedy, will remember that after Pheidippides had reached Athens with the great news of the victory of Miltiades over Darius, he fell dead. Late in the evening of Friday, after you had blindly staggered to your goal, with the mighty cheers of the people ringing in your ears, the rumour got abroad that you had emulated his example. But, happily, my dear Piero, you live—live to take back to your beautiful Italy a cup, specially awarded to you by our Queen, and presented by her own royal hand. It was, indeed, a splendid achievement to arrive home first in that long struggle against the world's greatest athletes, though you fell, and fell, and fell again before you touched the tape with your breast.

Ah, Dorando, if only the officials had left you to take your chance, and struggle forward without touching you, perhaps you really would have managed in a few seconds to recover your spent breath, and to reach the goal unaided. When you fell the last time you were only fifteen yards from the goal, and Hayes was one hundred and fifty yards behind you. There was time to spare, Piero, even if time to be measured only by seconds. Why didn't those kindly-intentioned officials leave you alone? You say you were not unconscious as you lay on the ground, that you knew all that was passing about you, and that you felt you needed but a few seconds to recover your breath, then you could go forward again and win. But they came and helped you to your feet. You did not request their assistance, and it was against the rules. Once on your feet, what a mighty effort you put into that brave, strong heart of yours! And you remember the intoxicating joy of victory which thrilled you as you reeled against the stretch of worsted which marked your triumphant goal.

Alas and alas again, my dear Piero, you had not won. The rules had been broken; and the prize of victory was for that sturdy, white-clad figure cantering along the far side of the track a hundred and fifty yards behind. He had not stumbled, Piero, and been put on his legs again like you, my Piero, and therefore the great prize was his by every right. And yet I think that, perhaps, he would rather have failed as you failed, than won as he won. For there are some defeats greater than victories, Piero—

Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go.
Be our joys three parts pain,
Strive and hold cheap the strain,

Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe.

With all my heart I send you warm greeting. Let Italy be proud of you, for in the days when your countrymen were masters of the world, Rome would have been proud of you. Adieu, Piero. May all good things be multiplied unto you.

John Bull.

**To Mr. J. J. Hayes.**

Dear Hayes,—No doubt you are as sorry as I am that the best man did not win. Anyhow, pray accept my cordial congratulations. Your success is an excellent answer to the silly twaddle about your countrymen failing to secure fair play at the Stadium. And it is satisfactory that you were able to win without tripping anybody up. I admire your pluck, and send you a thumping slap on the back. This is the kind of moment when I like to remember that Americans are descended from Britishers. Why not run for the Presidency? Anyhow, here's a health to the Stars and Stripes.

John Bull.

**Abdul Hamid Khan, Yildiz.**

Congratulations on constitution. When do you mean to revoke it? Are you sure it is not a bit too late?

Bull.

**Pete Curran, House of Commons, Westminster.**

What have your Labour friends been saying to you about your unkind remarks on the company you keep?

Bull.

**Carpenter, Shepherd's Bush.**

Is it true that the foul was talked about the day before the race?

Bull.

**Tom Longboat, Down the Course, Windsor.**

Are you still running? Anxious to interview you about your prospects in the next pony-race.

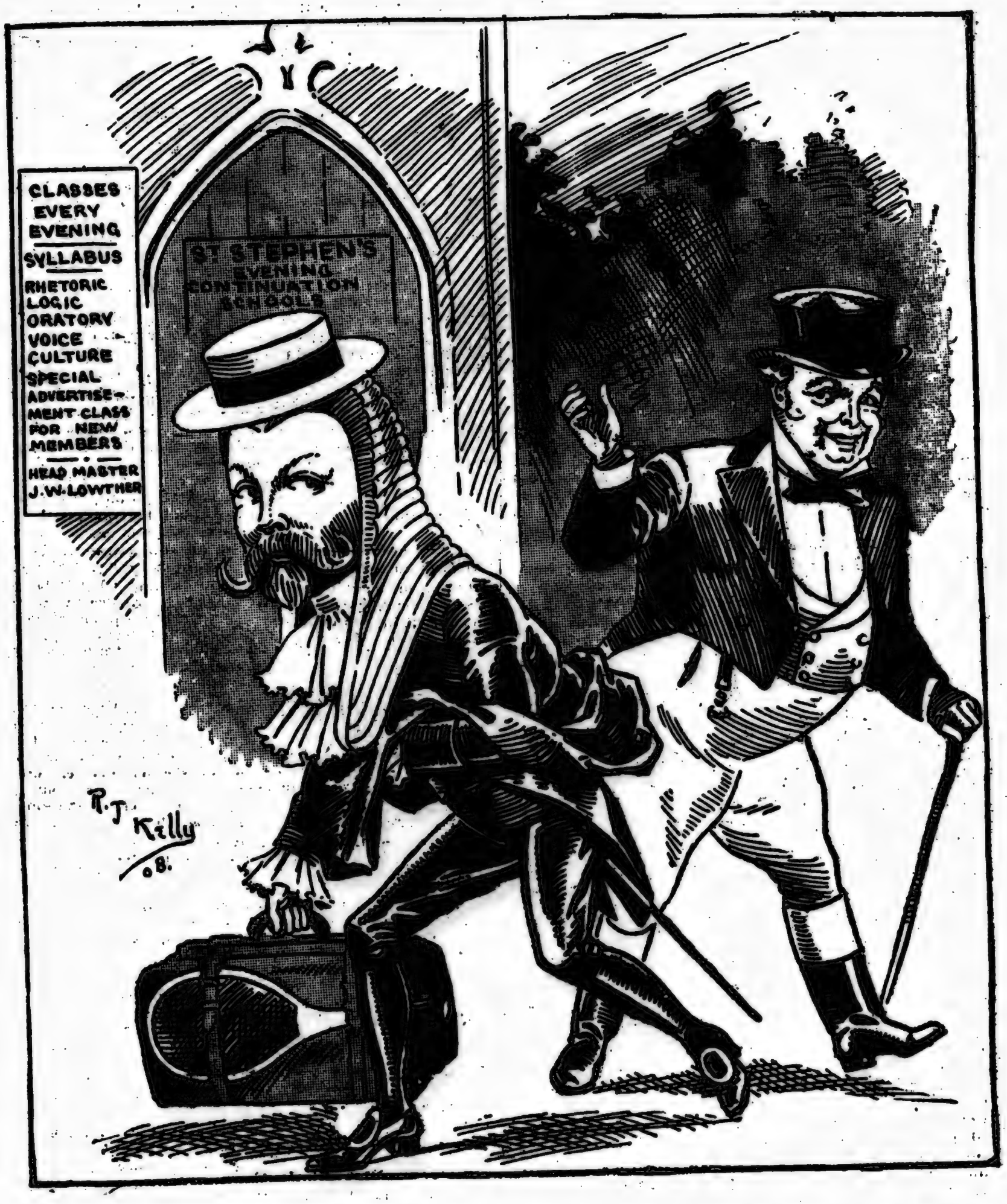
Bull.

**CAN YOU DO WITH A GUINEA?**

**If so, what is your Number?**

See page 101.

# RECESSIONAL.




**J.B.:** Sent 'em all home, Mr. Lowther? That's right; give their tongues a rest.

**MR. SPEAKER:** Yes, and my poor ears too.

# IN THE CITY.

## THE BRITISH TEA-TABLE COMPANY.

The Directors of the B.T.T. Company have now published their report upon the transactions of the Company for the twelve months ended March, and a more disastrous report it would be difficult to imagine. The estimate of loss given in our issue of July 4th has been completely verified, and, to give them their due, the directors do not attempt to hide the gravity of the position. They admit that fifty-four of their shops are being carried on at a loss, and they hold out no hope that this loss can be turned into a profit. The directors have tendered their resignations, but they seem to be willing to continue to conduct the affairs of the Company, if at the annual general meeting there is general agreement that they should do so. We write before that meeting has been held, but we cannot imagine that there will be any suggestion on the part of shareholders that the directors should withdraw their resignations. Indeed our information is that an entirely new board will be proposed at the meeting, and that leading shareholders will urge that negotiations be entered into with Mr. Pearce with the object of inducing him to take over what there is remaining of the business to take over.

The course here sketched is that which we have more than once recommended during the past twelve months. The present board—much as it may surprise Mr. Green to be told so—has demonstrated its incapacity—to put it mildly—and our opinion is that no board will be able to restore the fortunes of the Company. It has got beyond the possibility of recovery. It is dying, and left alone it will soon be dead. There is still something worth purchasing, and we have reason to believe that Mr. Pearce is willing to purchase, but if things go on much longer as they are going there will be nothing to buy. It is much to be regretted that what was at one time a flourishing business has got into such desperate straits, but blunder upon blunder has led to the present position.

## TWO ASSURANCE SOCIETIES.

In our issue of June 6th we had something to say about the Albion Assurance Association, Ltd., and, having made further inquiries, it may be useful if we go somewhat into detail as to the inception and control of this concern.

The Albion Assurance Association was formed at the beginning of the present year to carry on the business of a dividing society, and its affairs are administered by a separate limited company called the Albion Assurance Co., Ltd., with an authorised bond and share capital of £50,000, mostly held by Mr. Frank Thatcher, chairman of the company, Mr. Thos. S. Appleton, general manager, and Mr. Percy George Price, secretary. The moving spirit in the concern is Thomas Sleigh Appleton.

Now, who is this man? He is an undischarged bankrupt, who was adjudicated bankrupt on the 6th June of the present year. Originally from Manchester, he came to London and carried on business as a company promoter at various addresses. So far as we have been able to trace, his first connection with the insurance world was when he started the Royal British Collecting Society, at 114, Cheapside, E.C., in 1901. This society was registered under the Friendly Societies' Act, and was supposed to be financed by the Insurance Representation Company, Ltd., a concern with a capital of £1,000. The Royal British Collecting Society had no shareholders. It was owned by its members, and issued policies for £50 at monthly premiums. It soon came to grief.

In 1904 we find Appleton associated with the Commercial Service, at 11, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. From this address he disappeared, leaving a doubtful record.

We next hear of him in connection with the Monarch Insurance Company, Ltd., of Monarch Buildings, Bush Lane, Cannon Street, E.C. He was indeed its founder, and remained with the company about nine months. Two years ago it went into voluntary liquidation. A new company has been formed with a similar title, but Appleton has nothing to do with it. So far as we know it is a respectable company doing fair business.

Appleton has had the impudence to try to connect the Albion Assurance Company with a company of like name, which flourished as far back as 1808. This company was absorbed by the Manchester Fire Office, which in turn was absorbed by the Atlas Insurance Company, of King Street, Cheapside. On the circulars which Appleton is sending out to the public, and on his letter paper, he has a cutting of the old Albion (taken from *Cassell's Magazine*) and also a cutting of the premises of the present Company, wilfully exaggerated. He calls it 1808-1908, and seeks to make it appear that the Albion Assurance Association has been in existence for 100 years. He also has the impertinence to use the old Albion seal. As a matter of fact his society occupies three small rooms on the third floor at Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Hill, and employs a staff of four girls.

Then there is the Excelsior Sickness and Accident Assurance Society, which has only recently commenced business at Jessel Chambers, Chancery Lane. The moving spirit here is Mr. Daniel Morgan, who originally came from Cardiff, and about whom we had something to say last year in connection with the Marine Legal Aid Society in which Mr. Wilson, M.P., was concerned. Morgan was connected with the Federated Assurance Company, Ltd., of 7, Fenchurch Buildings, E.C., an unsuccessful venture, wound up in May, 1907. He then transferred his interests to the Sovereign Accident and Sickness Association, of 7, Fenchurch Buildings, where they gave him an appointment as agency manager, but he did not stop with them long. He then started the Workers' Accident Compensation Society, at Jessel Chambers, Chancery Lane, another unsuccessful concern. The secretary of the company is Mr. A. F. Mountain. Is this the same person as Arthur Frederick Mountain, trading as F. & L. Marx & Co., at 9, Lower James Street, Golden Square, W.C., and residing at 43, Park Road, Wandsworth, manufacturer of leather bags and fancy leather articles, who entered into a deed of arrangement on the 18th September, 1907? The Society commenced its business in two small offices on the second floor, but has recently moved to larger offices on the third floor. We have said enough to satisfy our readers that they had better have nothing to do with either of these concerns.

## BREWERIES AND THE PUBLIC.

We have received from the Directors of Daniell & Sons' Breweries, Ltd., of Colchester, a statement they are sending to their debenture holders and shareholders asking them to oppose the Licensing Bill now before Parliament with all their might. In the course of their circular letter the directors give the percentage of the capital held by various classes of the community in their brewery. This has been done by other brewery companies, but the result of Messrs. Daniell & Sons' analysis is not the less instructive. We therefore give it as follows:—

| | | £ | Percentage of holdings to amount issued. |
|---|---|---|---|
| By | Trustees under Wills, &c., and Spinsters, Married Women, and Widows .. .. .. | 178,923 | 36·5 |
| " | Members of Professions, Barristers, Solicitors, Medical, Army and Navy Officials, Clergymen, and others of unknown occupations .. .. .. .. | 170,467 | 34·8 |
| " | Business Classes, such as Banks, Insurance Companies, Investment Trust Companies, Merchants, &c. .. .. .. | 110,282 | 22·5 |
| " | Members of the Licensed and Allied Trades and Farmers .. | 30,328 | 6·2 |
| | | £490,000 | 100·0 |

Take away the value of the licence without compensation, as the present Bill proposes to do, at the end of fourteen years, and only the sites and buildings, estimated at twenty-five per cent. of the whole, would remain as security for the debenture stocks.

Of course Sir Thos. Whittaker and his like will say—Establish a sinking fund to be set aside out of revenue during the next fourteen years for the purpose of replacing the debenture capital, at the end of the time limit, and, any way, the debenture holders would be provided for. But what about shareholders? To make provision for the £18,000 that would be necessary if Daniell & Sons took this advice would require the cessation of dividends on both the preference and ordinary shares of the company. If the Bill becomes law in its present form, the whole of the capital value of the preference and ordinary shares, and a

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large portion of the debenture capital, would be swept away, as the entire profits of the company, after paying the debenture interest, would be insufficient for the purpose of raising the necessary Sinking Fund.

## INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION.

Our readers will be aware that an Order has been made for the compulsory winding-up of this Company, the main ground being that, as its business consisted principally of dealing in Premium Bonds, its operations are illegal, inasmuch as such bonds come within the Lottery Acts. We are not disposed to quarrel very much with Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady in declaring such dealings illegal—although we should be prepared to argue that upon a strict reading of the law Premium Bonds are not lotteries. We observe, however, that another ground for the winding-up Order is stated to be that the Company's business was in its essence fraudulent. This is a point to which we gave considerable attention a short time ago, and in respect of which we thoroughly satisfied ourselves. As, however, the winding-up Order is now the subject of appeal, we are precluded for the moment from saying anything further.

## RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS, LTD.

For the first time in the history of this company the ordinary shareholders have to be content with a dividend for the year of 6 per cent. At the general meeting, held on the 21st ult., the Chairman, Mr. Adolph Tuck, attributed the shrinkage in profits to the abnormal competition of the United States and Germany. "The boom in postcards which had set in in America some years later than in this country, tempted a number of newcomers there to enter the postcard trade, and with the tendency of the American speculator never to do anything by halves, this incursion of the intruding dealer contributed in an alarming degree to the increase in the publications which the legitimate dealer very naturally felt it incumbent upon him to put forward, and this culminated at the close of the year in a temporary but fierce amount of overproduction." Mr. Tuck is confident that the current year will show better results, and, after all, as Sir Conan Doyle reminded his fellow shareholders, 6 per cent., without trenching on the reserve, is not such a bad result, as things go.

## PENN-WYOMING COPPER.

With reference to our recent remarks concerning this Company, we have had placed before us particulars regarding the completion of the Company's railway, and are satisfied that the directors are justified in anticipating a very considerable increase of output in the near future. We trust that these expectations will be realised.

## FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

TEMPERANCE PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY.—J. D. P. (Cheapside).—It is a society of high standing. You would be quite safe in depositing your £469 with it.

STANDING OF COMPANY.—E. C. (Wallington).—It is not very strong financially, but our information is that it is respectably conducted. E. C. (Portrush).—It is not strong.

TRACY, MILLER AND COMPANY.—A. C. L. (Torquay).—We note that you have not heard from these people. We can only advise you to put the matter in the hands of a solicitor.

BANKRUPTCY PETITION.—You have omitted to send us your name and address. We may, however, say that the bankruptcy paper you send us does relate to the lady in question, but you must bear in mind that, when the liabilities were incurred, she had reason to believe that her husband would discharge them. His sudden death has left her helpless to meet them.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—Y.M.C.A. (Folkestone).—We should prefer another selection.

ROVER CYCLE COMPANY.—F. C. S. (Aberdare).—(1) We think not. (2) Have nothing to do with the mining shares you name.

SOUTH AFRICAN SHARES.—C. B. (Sheffield).—We should hold. Your inability to understand why, with increasing returns and dividends, South African mining shares are not more active and higher in price is shared by many. We have little doubt that prices in the South African market will show substantial advance before long, but it must be borne in mind that at the time you refer to the shares were altogether above value. Even now, in our judgment, they are not worth much more than the quotation.

PEOPLE'S LAND BUILDING AND DWELLING COMPANY.—SAFETY (Clapham Junction).—We know of nothing to the contrary.

COBALT SILVER MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.—J. W. D. (Monument Street).—We advise you not to accept Mr. Basil A. Reeves' obliging offer of "a limited number one-dollar shares of the Ivanhoe (Canadian) Silver Mine at 2s. each." They would be dear at twopence much less two shillings. We know nothing about Messrs. R. C. N. Twite and Co., Mining Engineers, of 32, Moorgate Street, E.C., whose stamp appears upon the prospectus you send us.

ANGLO-FRENCH TRUST COMPANY.—R. (West Hampstead).—We are obliged by your circulars from these people informing those whom it may concern that "speculation conducted on scientific principles is always profitable," and that "it is not gambling and is not prohibited by religious or human laws." But to speculate with advantage "one must have a system," and the "system" of these people is to buy Consols. "With £6 invested in an option on Consols for one thing, you may, by using the system described below, make a profit of £15,750 in one week." We need hardly add that the system is all humbug.

SOUTH AFRICAN PROPRIETARY, LIMITED.—FORRESTER (Devonport).—The answer to both your questions is in the negative.

ANCHOR INSURANCE AND INVESTMENT COMPANY.—GILDENBURG (Peterborough).—(1) We should not take the directorship upon the condition named. (2) Our objection is to the man, not the office.

PANAMA BONDS.—J. A. Q. (Alton).—We do not recommend them.

A SOAP COMPANY.—T. H. S. (Malden).—It is regrettable, but not very uncommon.

CURRIE, MILLS AND COMPANY.—COSMOPOLITAN (London).—Better have nothing to do with these people.

ONE AND ALL SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT.—AN ENGINEER (West Street).—We should prefer the One and All to the concern you name. J. H. (South Tottenham).—Of course, if the committee enforced a levy for each member's death, and the call was obeyed, they would rake in a large sum of money, but the suggestion is absurd. The levy would not be legal, and would be impossible unless there was absolute need for it, and there is nothing to show the probable necessity for a frequent levy, if there is any levy at all.

THE NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE SICK AND ACCIDENT SOCIETY.—F. W. G. (Chiswick).—We do not recommend it.

SOUND BUILDING SOCIETY.—J. H. S. (Alton).—You could not do better than go to the Perpetual Building Society, of New Bridge Street, E.C. THELMA (Merton Park).—We cannot give you the details you want, but, if you write to the Secretary of the society mentioned in the previous answer, we have no doubt he will give you all particulars. W. A. (Brighton).—See previous answer. We know of no better building society.

SUNDRY SHARES.—W. A. (Brighton).—The main objection to the shares mentioned is the risk that the public taste may change.

STANDING OF INSURANCE COMPANY.—K. A. M. (Denmark Hill).—(1) The company is not doing well. (2) We do not understand your question about the bank. Please repeat it and explain.

ARNOLD AND BUTLER.—SCRIBE (London).—(1) We note that these rascals are still touting for moneys. (2) Have nothing to do with the bonds of the Servian Red Cross Society.

INSURANCE AGAINST SICKNESS.—W. R. L.—You have omitted to send us your address. When you do so, we will answer your question.

THE JUDGE AND THE DEBTOR.—A. G. (Upper Clapton).—If, as you say, Judge Woodfall had before him a case where the defendant, who happened to be a woman of 80 years of age, had an income of £120 per annum, and made an offer of 10s. a month to settle the debt and costs, and declined to make an order on account of her age, his action would seem to be open to question; but, after all, it is a small matter—10s. a month, to be paid by a woman of 80—and, if the judge erred, he did so on the right side. It is seldom that we have to take notice of undue leniency on the part of judges dealing with debtors.

CHAMPION AND SLEE, LIMITED.—ANXIOUS (Sunbury).—You are quite right in assuming that our remarks applied to this company. Upon the other point you raise, you should write to the secretary for information.

SWANSEA HARBOUR TRUST.—JERVAIX (Hull).—Yes, it is a good and safe investment.

JAPANESE STOCK.—J. (Brighton).—It is quite safe, and we advise you to hold on. The quotation has fallen owing to the immediate financial outlook in Japan, which, like some other countries, has been spending more money than it can well afford, but the country is thriving, the people are energetic and ingenious, and, given the maintenance of peace, we have little doubt that this stock will recover.

DOLCOATH SHARES.—REX (Loughton).—The quotation has been affected by the fall in the price of tin. You seem to have bought when tin was at its highest or thereabouts. As to whether you should buy more shares now to average, it would, of course, be a very speculative purchase, but we are inclined to think that these shares will go higher again by and bye. The property is being vigorously worked, and we have little doubt that the price of tin will before very long show improvement.

THRONE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—FIRE (Brixton).—Your estimate of the company is not very wide of the mark.

THE BRITISH LIFE OFFICE, LIMITED.—REGULAR READER (Huddersfield).—We note that you want to sell a certificate upon which you have paid £29 10s., but you have omitted to send us your full address.

THE ARGENTINE SOUTHERN LAND COMPANY.—H. W. B. (Southend-on-Sea).—We regret that we cannot give you the information you seek.

METER TESTING.—F. G. (Romford).—You should apply to the County Council.

THE CHESHIRE LINES COMMITTEE.—J. S. (Bayswater).—(1) It is a question of fact. If the officials gave you the information respecting the ticket you say they gave, the company are liable to return you the 9s., but then apparently they deny having made the statement imputed to them, and, under these circumstances, you would have great difficulty in establishing your claim. We return the two letters from the railway company. (2) Have nothing to do with the outside brokers you name

PURCHASE OF HOUSE.—A. L. A.—You cannot do better than go to the Perpetual Building Society, of New Bridge Street, E.C.

DEPOSIT OF £300.—W. B. (Plaistow).—We should rather put it where the interest offered is less high.

FOUR PER CENT. INTEREST.—VERAX (Maidstone).—Amongst the sound securities which would give you a return of 4 per cent. we may name the Improved Industrial Dwellings Deferred shares, Bass and Co.'s Mortgage Debentures, J. W. Benson's Perpetual Mortgage Debentures, English Sewing Cotton First Mortgage Debentures, D. H. Evans' Cumulative Preference, Imperial Tobacco Trust Cumulative Preference, Lever Bros.' Cumulative Preference, J. Rotherham and Co.'s Cumulative Preference. All these would give you over 4 per cent., and nearer 4½ per cent.

INSURANCE OF THE PEOPLE.—R. L. B. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We are obliged by your letter, in which, referring to our remarks under the above title, you say that many first-class fire companies charge 2s. 6d. for an insurance of £100, this being the minimum premium for which they issue a policy, and, further, no first-class company will issue a policy for £50 at a less premium than 2s. per annum. Coming to policies for shorter periods, the bulk of the companies charge a quarter of a year's premium for a month's insurance. The tariff companies are bound to do this, and, further, they are not allowed to issue a policy for less than 1s. premium, no matter if the insurance is only to be enforced for two days. From this it would seem to follow that the company we referred to is not trying to get more than it should do, if the extra cost of collection and premiums, and loss of interest (on a large business, of course; on a small amount of business this is of no account) are taken into consideration, and the remark to which you direct our attention needs modification.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—A. W. (Ipswich).—You are a day behind the fair. You should have asked our advice before you took out the bond instead of taking out the bond and then doubting whether you have acted wisely. The association is financially strong and it is well managed, but there are obvious objections to thirty-year bonds. VENTO (Acton).—No, there is no connection.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—G. W. (Urmston).—We are much obliged to you for the report. We often wish that the canvasser who makes the misleading statement could be reached for punishment. W. (Manchester).—We have also to thank you for a report of this case. J. P. C. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—The answer is in the negative.

TWO INSURANCE COMPANIES.—F. C. (Newport).—Both are good, but we should incline to the Prudential.

THORNEYCROFT AND COMPANY.—E. S. H. (Pengelly).—We think so. We thank you for the cutting.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—H. H. J. (Carnarvon).—We never recommend deposits with people who offer 10 per cent.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—CAUTIOUS.—We do not recommend either of the firms. ENQUIRER (Ferndale), L. E. T. (Sunderland) and C. R. B. M. (Perth).—We do not recommend dealings with the firm you name.

# AMONG THE LAWYERS.

## JUDGE PARRY'S "SCATHING CRITICISM."

Several correspondents have sent us the report of a case tried by Judge Parry at the Manchester County Court, in which one Alice Poynton, the wife of a City Police Officer, sued the Provincial Homes Investment Co., Ltd., to obtain the return of £37 10s. paid by her to the company by way of premiums on a Bond. Poynton alleged that she had been induced to enter into the Bond by the misrepresentations of the defendant company's agent, but this was denied by the defendants. The judge found for the plaintiff, and in doing so indulged in what the newspaper report calls "scathing criticism." The company is, according to him, "really and essentially a fraudulent concern, run for the purpose of obtaining from ignorant and unthinking people moneys which they save in the vain hope of being able, by the company's assistance, to purchase their dwelling house, or some other house, and call it their own." Of course, that is very bad if it is true, but the evidence in support of it is certainly not convincing. It is not denied that the conditions under which the company does its business are stated in the papers sent to persons who apply for them, or that they were received by the plaintiff in this case. She says that "when she paid her first half-crown she had never read any papers or prospectus of the company," and "when she did read the documents sent to her she did not understand them." But as we have so often said before, if people neglect to read the conditions of a policy, or contract, into which they enter, and if, when they glance at them they do not understand them, and, notwithstanding this, enter into an agreement, we do not see that the company is to be blamed. The company makes its conditions plain, and the customer cannot complain if without taking the trouble to master these conditions he finds later on that they are different to what he supposes them to be.

In this connection, we have received a letter with which we have considerable sympathy. It is written by the agent of a rival company, and this is what he says:—

> "You will note I am in a position with a company doing similar business to the one so severely commented upon by Judge Parry, and although we are competitors, I have always been of opinion that the company mentioned has done business on straightforward lines and certainly, unless they had done so, they could not command the position and success they already hold. My object in writing you, however, is to protest most emphatically at the words of condemnation used by Judge Parry in which he includes all similar companies. In my opinion, it is most unfair for a judge to use his judicial position to make such statements when no one dare to contradict him."

In connection with the character of the Provincial Homes Investment Company, we may quote the following observations that passed between counsel and the judge:—

> Mr. Foley said there had been an inquiry into this class of company, and the defendants were the only company favourably reported upon.
>
> His Honour said he could not see how any sane person could have reported favourably upon it.

From this, it may be gathered that, in Judge Parry's opinion, if a Committee of the House of Commons differs from him, the members of that Committee cannot be "sane."

The opinion strikes us as ludicrous in its impertinence.

## "A TRUMPERY CASE."

A correspondent sends us a cutting from the Sheffield *Daily Telegraph* of July 21st, which contains a report of a case tried recently before Mr. Justice Bingham at the West Riding Assizes, Leeds. The plaintiff, Mr. W. Gray, a farmer and milk-dealer, sued the defendant, one Fearn, for slander. The plaintiff alleged that on two specific days of January and February this year, the defendant volunteered to witnesses the statement that the plaintiff was the father of an illegitimate child, out to nurse, and close to his father's door, and that he had been paying the sum of 3s. 6d. a week towards the keep of the child. When this came to the knowledge of the plaintiff he saw the defendant, who admitted having used the words, but said they were true. On that the plaintiff went to his solicitor, who wrote a letter to the defendant demanding an apology and a promise not to repeat the words. The defendant did nothing, and a writ was issued. The plaintiff went into the box and bore out his counsel's statements as given above, saying that he would be satisfied if the defendant apologised for what he had said—a slander from which he had suffered damage. Several witnesses were called to give evidence on behalf of the plaintiff. The defendant was then sworn and denied that he had ever said anything to anybody about the plaintiff being the father of an illegitimate child. For reasons which are not apparent from the report before us, the jury gave a verdict for the defendant, but added that the plaintiff had their sympathy and they were satisfied that the defendant did utter the words and that it was a slander. Presumably the evidence failed to show that the plaintiff had suffered loss. However that may be, it is with the remark of the judge, Mr. Justice Bingham, upon this verdict being given that we are concerned. Addressing the jury, his Lordship said he "could not help feeling that a great deal of unnecessary time had been taken up with this trumpery case." If saddling a respectable man with the responsibility of bastard children can be considered a trumpery case, it would be interesting to know what in Mr. Justice Bingham's opinion is a serious one.

## SOME LEGAL QUERIES.

Notice to Quit.—E. H. (Willesden Green).—If you have hired a room, you can only put an end to the hiring by giving a week's notice or paying a week's rent.

Carrying Firearms.—L. D. (Dulwich).—No one may carry firearms without a licence, which can be obtained at any Post Office, unless such person is specially exempt, such as boys acting under the authority of a person duly licensed and being employed to scare birds, etc. Under the Pistols Act, 1903, no person under the age of eighteen may carry firearms or buy them.

Recovery of Income Tax.—Query (Leicester).—As your income is less than £160 a year, you are entitled to total exemption, and, as you have already paid the tax, it is necessary for you to claim exemption and ask for the tax to be refunded to you. You must do this at once, and the best course is to call and see the Surveyor of Taxes, and he will supply you with the necessary forms.

Lodging-House.—Nine Months' Reader (Bucks).—A and B are jointly liable for the rent, and, as there was no agreement as to when there should be a settlement, B can claim to hold the money he collects till the end of the tenancy. He must then settle up with B, and end the partnership.

Hamburg Clerks' Association.—S. B. (Somerset).—You say that you joined this association, whose offices are at 41, King William Street, E.C., and that membership was conditional on your being enrolled on a list of clerks seeking situations in Germany, and that you are now asked to continue paying subscriptions as a member though no situation has been offered you. We will inquire further into the bona-fides of this concern, but meanwhile we think that you should refuse to pay any more subscriptions. There are very few openings for English clerks in the Fatherland, as Germans who come over here generally go back and fill all the posts there are, and we should doubt if many of the "subscribers" to the association get offers of situations. If the alleged rule as to your liability was not communicated to you in English, it would not form part of your contract, unless you accepted it in German and understood it. We should be glad to hear from any others similarly situated.

Succession (Liverpool).—The matter to which your query relates is one on which we cannot advise on the complicated statement you send us. Your best course is to send full particulars to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, Somerset House, London, and ask them to adjudicate on the question whether duty is payable and at what rate.

Repayment of Loan.—Property (Belfort).—You need not inform the lender, except so far as you are under an obligation to give him some notice, of your intention to pay off the loan. If you have mortgaged the houses to him or to anyone else, you will not be able to sell without making the mortgagee a party, for which purpose you will have to give him notice.

Use of Term "Limited" for Trading Purposes.—Notes (Leicester).—There is nothing to prevent a person trading under a name with "Limited" added, provided that the title he selects to trade under is not already registered as the name of some company. The use of the term will not, however, have the effect of in any way limiting his liability, which, as regards his creditors, will be unlimited.

Reduction of Rent.—Lease (Leytonstone).—If the landlord has agreed in writing to accept the reduced rent or has, in fact, accepted it, the effect is merely to alter the covenant in the lease as to the amount of rent, and the lease will remain in force in all other respects.

Loan Repayment.—Old Reader (Clapton).—You should state the facts to the company, and inform them that you had delivered the card to their secretary, and state what you owe and your willingness to pay it. If they persist with the summons, you should explain this to the judge, and dispute the claim, and you would probably not have any order made against you.

Cycle by Instalments.—Troubled (Clapham).—You must appear to the summons, or judgment will go by default, and they can summon you in either place. You should write to them, and send a copy to the Registrar, offering to pay at such instalments as you can afford, and explain the circumstances in which you are placed. If you send them what you can on account, they will probably not proceed against you, as they would hardly succeed in getting more than you showed yourself able to pay.

Distress for Rent (Redditch).—If the rent is overdue, the landlord can put in a distress without further notice, after he has demanded the rent. You cannot demand a list from the auctioneer.

Compensation for Accident (Thule).—The view of the insurance company is right, and compensation can only be claimed in respect of the disablement and only for the period during which it lasts. It cannot be claimed according to the character of the injury, but only for the disablement.

Payment of Tithe.—J. M. P. (Clapton).—Tithe is payable on land whether it is in use or not.

Gamble (Wood Green).—You are clearly entitled to compensation under the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1906, and your best course is to put in your claim, and have it adjudicated on. We cannot judge what amount you are entitled to, as that will depend on the loss in wages that you sustain by reason of the accident. As the matter might be disputed, it would be well for you to consult a solicitor.

Dismissal from Employment.—Canton (Cardiff).—If the reason which the employer gave you and which you say you gave to the men is the true reason, and the employer states it to the men, he will not be liable for defaming you. You do not seem to have any right of action against him.

Colonel (Earl's Court).—Letters of administration will only be granted once, and it is sufficient if one person applies for them. The amount of estate duty payable is determined by the amount of the estate, and the scale will be found in "Whitaker's Almanack." If the whole estate does not exceed £1,000, the rate is 2 per cent., and there is no liability to legacy duty, but, if it exceeds that sum, there is a higher duty and legacy duty is also payable.

Worried (Notts).—The summons cannot be served now, and all chance of taking any proceedings has gone.

Inquirer (Holloway).—The farmer is not entitled to claim compensation for the damage done by rabbits, and all he can do is to kill them. No recent Act has been passed on the subject.

Constant Reader (Walworth).—The landlord is entitled to distrain for rent due, and he did not act illegally in what he did.

Sunflower (Streatham).—When the man married, any will that he had previously made became void, and, as he died intestate, the widow is entitled to half the personal property and one-third of the real property. You are quite in error in thinking that the Crown takes the whole in such cases. After payment of her share to the wife, the rest goes to the Crown.

Taxation of Costs.—Quota.—If the costs have been incurred in litigation, you are entitled to have the bill taxed by an officer of the High Court, and your best course is to apply to the District Registry where you reside for instructions as to when and to whom to apply to have the bill taxed.

Perplexed (Wimbledon).—A woman is entitled to any property that has been left to her, and she can do as she likes with it, and can sell it or will it to her children. Her husband has no right to interfere with it in any way.

Shooting on Sunday.—Sport.—There is no law to prevent private sport of the kind you mention on Sundays, but, within the Metropolitan Police District, public entertainments and matches for such purposes are not legal.

# NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.

## REMARKABLE EVIDENCE OF ACCURACY.

# Clients make £11,720 in less than 4 weeks.

The all-round advance of prices in American Rails is remarkable evidence of our reliability—the reliability, first, of our information, knowledge and judgment, and of our recommendations based on such. It would have been impossible for anyone to ask for greater accuracy in predicting the course of prices.

We told clients very plainly—not in the ambiguous language of some people that would suggest a certain amount of doubt—there were to be further rises all round. Turn to the very recent numbers of the "Review" and read what we said.

In July 1st "Review," page 3, column 2, in recommending our combination—Milwaukees, Louisvilles and Unions—we said: "Americans are going to rise. We do not pretend to say how far—no one can say with certainty."

In the very last number of the "Review" issued, dated 22nd inst., which went to press on Monday morning, we quoted the New York correspondent of the "Sunday Times" who said: "There are indications that we shall have a bull market with a possible furious movement if public interest broadens. Big traders are working skilfully to that end."

In referring to our combined speculation, following on this paragraph, we said we anticipated a rise in them, "but there were reports of a furious bull movement. Clients should be ready for it." Could the language of advice be plainer than that?

Below, to show the rise in the prices of those Americans we have recommended, we give comparative figures for the last four weeks—prices at the time of recommendation, and prices now. If all our clients had followed our advice to speculate regularly—and we are constantly pointing out the value of systematic speculation, for we claim and assert it is the only fair test of our recommendations—we should have paid away at least £100,000 this month. As it is we have paida hu ge sum, but it rests with clients whether we pay out more to them in the future.

## WE HAVE KEPT COPIES OF EACH OF THESE ISSUES.

| | | PRICES WHEN RECOMMENDED. | PRICES ON GOING TO PRESS. |
|---|---|---|---|
| *June 24th Review.* | Atchisons | 82 | 90½ |
| | Chesapeakes | 38¼ | 44⅛ |
| | Readings | 56⅛ | 61½ |
| *July 1st Review.* | Louisvilles | 107 | 113⅛ |
| | Milwaukees | 137 | 146 |
| | Unions | 149⅛ | 159¼ |
| *July 8th Review.* | Chesapeakes | 42⅛ | 44⅛ |
| | N.Y. Centrals | 108¾ | 113½ |
| | Norfolks | 71¼ | 75¾ |
| *July 15th Review* | Canadas | 169⅞ | 173¾ |
| | Southern Pacs. | 90½ | 95⅛ |
| | Unions | 151⅞ | 159¼ |

## WE RECOMMENDED NO OTHERS.

As a result of these four combined recommendations we have paid clients in less than four weeks, £11,720. In ten days alone cheques were drawn for £4,168.

We desire to call readers' attention to the fact that we are now publishing a list of several thousand individual cheques amounting to £168,150, and that each cheque can be inspected and verified at these offices at any time without any previous notice.

**Those who are in a position to invest £6 for a few days should Write, Call or Cut Out this Enquiry Form.**

## FREE ENQUIRY FORM.

TO THE SECRETARY, THE NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE, 22, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

*Telegrams: "Satisharx, London." Telephone: 712, London Wall (5 lines).*

Sir,—Please send me (gratis and post free) your full terms of business, your booklet entitled, "The Science of Money-Making," copy of your Chartered Accountants' Certificate, Unsolicited Testimonials, and a list of separate Cheques amounting to £168,150, paid to Speculators who have recently followed your advice. Also copy of your "Review" giving your next Recommendation for a quick rise.

NAME.....
(Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)

ADDRESS.....
(Please write distinctly.)

J. B. 1/8.

Date.....

## JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

### Mixed Marriages.

Every now and then cases reach the public ear that go to prove that marriages between white women and Eastern men usually end disastrously. The French papers just now are full of the case of a young Parisian lady who was married a couple of years ago in Paris to a Chinese of high station. Immediately on reaching his home in Pekin the yellow husband proceeded to treat his French bride just as he would a native wife, imprisoning her in a park, and finally marrying other wives and bringing them home. When at length the poor white woman went "on strike," her Celestial lord and master responded by removing her baby from her care, and not allowing her even to see it. She contrived to telegraph to her mother, who travelled all the way out to Pekin, and managed to rescue her daughter from her painful position. Well for this girl that she had a mother of courage and enterprise, and evidently with some degree of wealth, for a married woman would apply in vain for help to the Consul of her native land. It has been decided that by marriage a woman takes her husband's nationality, and therefore has no claim upon the protection of the laws or Government of her mother-country. American women are anxious to get this law altered for themselves. So many foreigners go to America that their marriage with American women is very frequent, and the question of whether a wife loses her own nationality has thus become of great importance to American women. As things are at present it is most inadvisable for any white woman to link her lot with that of even the best, the kindest, the most enlightened of Orientals. In the East women are looked upon as mere sex-creatures, devoid of personal rights or dignity. And even if her husband be personally kind and thoughtful, the white wife's circumstances and surroundings must be such that she leads a life of many trials with but few compensations. When I was in Egypt I saw an educated German lady who had married a high official under the Egyptian Government, himself a broad-minded and enlightened man, yet his wife told me that the opinion of his family and the neighbours prevented her ever stirring outside the door except when he was able to accompany her.

### How to Utilise Sale-Remnants.

A girl friend of mine came to me the other day with a rueful countenance. She had been going the round of the sales resolved only to admire, not to buy, and the constant struggle against temptation had been so strenuous that it had given her a headache. Alack and alas! we are not all so wise as this damsel; how many of us are already in possession of odds and ends of trimming, linings, short lengths of material, etc., that we obtained for a mere song, sure enough, but now cannot imagine what use they can ever be to us? Let Mrs. Bull come to the rescue, and describe a few garments that can be made from "short lengths" of material.

Firstly, let us devise a little shoulder cape of lace. A broad band some eight inches wide fits over the shoulders, edged on either side by coarse lace insertion. On the outside edge is a frill of a finer lace falling over the top of the arms. A big bow with hanging ends—as long or as short as the materials allow—decorates the front. The outer side of these ends are edged by the coarse insertion, while they are finished at the bottom by frills similar to that which falls over the top of the arms.

Secondly, comes a little evening blouse of silk. It has the bodice itself laid in the tiniest of tucks, the short sleeves just slightly puffed. Round the décolletage and extending down the front to the waist is a fichu of net, tulle or chiffon, edged with frills of the same. Three frills round the sleeves bring them to elbow length. In the centre of the bust are placed three rosettes of soft ribbon, having loops that fall to slightly below the waist.

A short length of satin, velvet, or embroidered material may be utilised as an opera cloak. Let there be a very deep yoke of some contrasting material—another remnant—edged by a very deep fall of lace, the line of jointure being concealed—since winter is drawing on—by a band of fur. The coat itself is made perfectly plainly, with wide sleeves, the cuffs finished by frills of lace and bands of fur.

A school dress for a child easily contrived from odd lengths of material has a yoke of one fabric—velvet, ribbon herring-boned together, or lace—and cuffs to the elbow of similar make. A little frilly skirt is gathered on to the loose bodice below the waist, under a belt of the same material as that which forms the yoke. This style allows two odd pieces of one kind of stuff to be utilised, often a very necessary contrivance for the sale-shopper.

### Cowards may Stay at Home.

A new Club for High Diving has just been started among ladies, with Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson as its president. It is expensive, and exclusive in more ways than one, for a diving test of considerable difficulty is required of would-be members. There is nothing that requires more moral and physical courage than high diving, and if the ladies of the upper ten thousand are going to take it up, unquestionably courage will become a fashionable virtue among women who


# SOUND FINANCIAL METHODS.

## THE TRIUMPH OVER PREJUDICES. VICTORY OF REFORM.

There are few studies that afford greater pleasure or give greater satisfaction to the studiously inclined nature than a careful examination of the rise and fall of ancient nations, or the gradual decay of old traditions and the absorption or extinction of old institutions. The student, if he so desires, can trace how from these past great traditions a new code of ideas has gradually evolved, while from the structures of old historic houses new enterprises more fitted to deal with the altered conditions of time have been brought into being.

### *THE BATTLE WITH PREJUDICE.*

All great reforms that have tended to shake settled beliefs or to upset established methods have had to contend with both prejudice and violent opposition. It has been so in religion, in politics, in banking, in finance, and so it has been in the establishment of the London and Paris Exchange, Limited, an institution founded to give greater and more extended facilities for financial transactions and dealing in and obtaining advances on Stock Exchange securities. The directors wish to congratulate their supporters that, notwithstanding all this opposition, they have succeeded in establishing their enterprise, and they are convinced, from the progressive advancement of their business, that they occupy to-day a high position in public favour. The sound and liberal principles on which the business is conducted justify the belief that future years will witness a continuance of steady and healthy expansion, and bring increased prosperity.

### *MODERN INVESTMENT.*

To-day investment is on very different lines from what it was twenty, or even ten, years ago. The sphere of investment has been considerably broadened, and methods have become greatly diversified.

### *PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.*

What the investor must do is to make it his business to obtain all necessary information from trustworthy sources. See that your money gives you a fair return, and that it is not locked up in unmarketable securities, where there is practically no chance of appreciation in capital value, and when you wish to realise there is no market to sell on. But, naturally, the investor asks, "How am I to obtain this knowledge? How am I to avoid being drawn into schemes which will mean loss of money to me? How am I to clearly understand the intricacies of money matters and Stock Exchange investments?"

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seek to emulate the manners and customs of "high life." This new club is in connection with the Bath Club, the most aristocratic, smartest, athletic affair in London. Its annual swimming competitions amongst members are always attended by Royalty, while little Princess Mary of Wales is now struggling with the art of swimming in its vast and comfortable bath. Another interesting figure often seen there is that of Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson's wee son, who, although only three years of age, has already made considerable progress in the art in which his athletic mother excels.

### The Falling-off of Church Parade.

Motoring is responsible for quite a number of changes in old-established social customs. One of those that it has affected is that smart Sunday gathering in Hyde Park known as Church Parade. Time was when this function was the occasion for the gathering together of the celebrated, the beautiful, and the interesting people of London town, together with numbers of the upper ranks of society, all clad in the elaborate toilettes that had been worn (or such was the supposition) at morning service. Gradually it got known that Church Parade was well worth the seeing, with the result that troops of middle-class, dowdily-attired natives of the suburbs took to coming up to take part in this free open-air function. It became terribly crowded, and, as a result, slowly but surely the really smart society folk ceased to attend. But it is the triumph of the motor that has now practically put an end to the claim of Church Parade to be regarded as an important social gathering. The wealthy and really up-to-date people are now off for week-end trips, leaving the sylvan glories of Hyde Park to those whose incomes forbid the regular use of any other type of motor than the motor-'bus. The same lack of cash naturally prevents those who remain from being of much assistance or value to the student of Fashion's forecast.

### The Newest Neck Adornment.

Notwithstanding the departed glories of Church Parade, something of the trend of Fashion's fancies is still to be gleaned from this occasion. Last Sunday, quite a number of nicely-gowned women were to be seen wearing the feather or tulle ruffles that are being so much "pushed" this season by fashionable shops. These quaint little adjuncts to the toilette have quite an Elizabethan appearance, for, unlike the old familiar boa or ruffle, they merely encircle the throat and there finish, instead of having ends of more or less length. Many of these ruffs are made wondrously full and outstanding—something like the collar that distinguishes Punch and Judy's faithful dog Toby. It goes without saying that the majority of women who are found ready to patronise these very ample ruffs are women with long, slender throats—like the Queen, for instance. Little dumpy ladies whose heads practically sit directly on their shoulders, do well to avoid this adornment altogether. The feather ruffs—which are sold from eight or ten shillings and upwards—are made to fasten under a rosette of ribbon, generally of a similar, but sometimes of a contrasting colour to that of the feathers. Greater variety is obtainable when we come to the dainty trifles manufactured of net, tulle, or lace. In accordance with this season's fancy for metallic substances, a very popular model is of stiff white tulle set into close double-box pleats, the edge finished by a narrow line of gold or silver braid, while the fastening is concealed beneath tassels of the same material. It has a very distinguished appearance if the colour that trims the ruffle is similar to that of the dress with which it is worn. This can be easily effected, for many of these ruffs are made with edgings of fragile silk ribbon in practically every delicate tint, or with spots formed of chenille or of other substances, the secret of which is known only to the manufacturers. These fragile tulle ruffles cost about half-a-guinea, and they are very expensive wear, as, of course, perfect and absolute freshness is a first essential, and it is easy to imagine how very quickly the pristine freshness takes its departure from such fragility. Indeed, to be worn round the warm neck, and pressed upon by the chin, is such a hard fate for tulle, that even after one afternoon's wear, these extravagant trifles show distinct signs of usage. Still, they are certainly Fashion's latest whim, and can easily be made at home by girls with skilful fingers.

### To Displace Petticoats.

It is pretty well known now that petticoats are strictly tabooed under the new clinging skirt, but a certain amount of secrecy is being observed concerning the type of garment that is to be adopted in their stead. A Paris correspondent, however, tells me that silken or satin knickers, very tight-fitting and ending at the knee, are now deemed all-sufficient underwear by quite staid and stately Parisian dames. It goes without saying that when these glorified bloomers alone are being worn, it is impossible to lift the dress even in the slightest degree over dust or mud; this "get-up" is, therefore, restricted to house or carriage wear. For more business-like occasions the divided skirt is being much patronized. This is made to fit without fold or wrinkle to a few inches below the knee, from whence flounces of softly-falling silk or crepe-de-chine, reaching to the ankle, allow the wearer to raise her dress slightly in walking, without feeling embarrassed or attracting undesirable attention. Sometimes the ends of these divided skirts consist of simple flounces of accordion-pleated silk, edged with ruchings.

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## THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahle.

### THE MENTAL INSOBRIETY OF THE FANATICAL TEETOTAL.

At the Public Health Congress a few days ago Dr. Lauzan-Brown somewhat startled the members of that useful assembly not only by his severe criticisms of the Licensing Bill, but by his protests against any kind of State control of the alcoholic liberties of the subject. As he put it, any device pretending to be a remedy for drunkenness had to reckon with the jerry-built man with a natural tendency to over-indulgence. It is an old story that you cannot make men sober by Act of Parliament any more than you can give them brains by feeding them on fish. True, if a man cannot get drink he cannot get drunk. Prohibit the distillation or brewing of any sort of alcoholic beverage, and not only prohibit it, but take means to enforce the prohibition, and you will have what the teetotalers call a sober nation. All over the world, through all the long range of history, men have drunk their alcoholic brew, and until the last word of the last page of history is written, that will probably continue to be the world's story.

Not even a teetotal Chancellor of the Exchequer would have the courage to propose total prohibition in the manufacture and sale of liquor. That is an unthinkable proposition in British finance; and I am not at all sure that if the nation were suddenly to turn voluntarily teetotal, Dr. Lauzan-Brown over-estimates the extent of the appalling tragedy when he says that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would probably commit suicide, his Government resign, the Excise officers take to the hills as brigands, and the new Government be as anxious to invite the community into the public-houses as the fanatical teetotalers are at present anxious to keep them out. Revenue would have to be got somewhere, and if we all ceased to drink, our food would cost us more. Probably we should have to pay as much for water as we pay for patent still or pot still, and should get as little of it for the money.

It is true that we spend £170,000,000 annually in the more joyful beverages. But, after all, there is rather a lot of us, and when you come to work out the actual financial details, throwing in all the people who take nothing under ten-and-six a bottle or a shilling a glass, the bill is something less than £4 a year. I am not saying that all of us can afford, or should afford, to spend £4 a year on drink, any more than some of us can afford to spend £4 a year on food. Many of us would be better off with less beer and more boots, with more beef-steak and fewer gee-gees. But, then, nine-tenths of us are for ever spending more than we can afford in one way or another. More on rent, for instance, and rates, and taxes, and other luxuries; so that if we did not spend that £4 a year on drink, we should probably back another twenty-to-one with it, and the animal would be somewhere near the tail end of the procession, as usual. And if we did not do that the Government, or the London County Council, would come around and promptly collect the money in order to run the War Office, or bore a few more holes in the middle of the street, or something of that sort. On the whole, it does not surprise me that we prefer to spend the money on a healthy human thirst.

Now, where all these gentlemen who so strenuously shout for a teetotal nation make the mistake is in talking to us at if we were all drunkards. I do not profess to speak with high authority on this matter, but I believe that you cannot get drunk, or at least not very often, on £4 a year; putting it at that round but exaggerated figure. As I understand it, the more often you get drunk, the less you have to spend on the moderate ecstacies of drinking. And, in fact, we are a drinking nation. But we are not a drunken nation. We are a sober nation. What is more, we are soberer to-day than ever we were in our history. I am told that in days agone publicans used to hang out signboards bearing the inscription, "Drunk for 2d., Dead Drunk for 3d., and Clean Straw for a 1d." Nowadays publicans do not offer those cheap and potent inducements to the multitude. The utmost ventured is probably the notice which a friend tells me he once saw in a public-house window, "Don't let your Wife drive you to Drink, but If She Does, This is the place to Get It."

The publican as we know him to-day is in character and in education a very different man than he was when we were boys together. Except in the lowest class of houses in the lowest neighbourhoods, it would be difficult to find anyone drunk on licensed premises. Even a drunken person in our streets is a comparatively rare sight. Twenty years ago it was a common one. The publican of to-day is the only man who has to produce a certificate of character on opening shop. And on the business side he realises that the drunken man or woman is his worst customer. That a great many people get habitually drunk, that they usually make fools and often even criminals of themselves when they do, is as obvious as that two and two do not make five. But I believe that you have a physiological and psychological proposition here long before drunkenness becomes a factor in the case. Probably Oliver Wendell Holmes put it as well as it can be put in a short sentence, in saying that whenever the devil finds a ship adrift, without compass or rudder, he steps on board and steers straight for the Maelstrom


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LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

## BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED AND COMPOUNDED RUMOURS:—

That if Turkey dethrones the Sultan she will cook her goose.
That "Win, die, or wrangle," is the American sportsman's motto.
That it takes a lot of "tin" to make John Bull's soldiers.
That the L.C.C. Works Department is now known as the "Out-of-Works Department."
That the Suffragettes love the *Express*.
That the members of the Whisky Commission are a rum lot.
That the salaries of all Socialist M.P.s will now be raised.
That the Moderates don't care a button for the "stud" agitation.
That the use of the Guillotine is sheer injustice.
That Members of the Cabinet never use the word "vacation."

"How Noble Lords Make Money" sounds very interesting, but how money makes noble lords would be more so.

An Egyptian mummy who had the gout has been discovered. Nowadays it is the daddy who suffers.

"I don't know why the sluggard should go to the ant," says Mr. G. Prothero. He doesn't; he finds it more profitable to go to "uncle."

The fact that two guinea-pigs have died from an injection of poison found in a telephone mouthpiece will probably cause some company directors to abjure the instrument entirely.

"Burgling Humorist," reads a heading. Evidently a practical joker.

If, as Lord Cromer says, the business in life of our politicians is to disagree with each other, there are men of first-rate business ability in the House.

The fact that fourteen women climbed to the summit of Mont Blanc last year proves that wherever a man goes, a woman will follow.

"Defects in one's moral make-up do not make one a Burns," says *Putnam's*. But they make one "hot stuff."

A Copenhagen labourer who brought an old overcoat for sixpence has found £446 in the lining. He got sterling value for his outlay.

"M.P.'s as Marksmen," we read. Are some of them really trying to get an aim in life?

"Some people are never able to stand prosperity," says Carlton Dayo. Yet it sets them on their feet.

America has decided on a two-ocean naval power standard. The action is, of course, entirely Pacific.

Distributing the prizes at Leys School, Lord Cromer told the boys "never to dawdle." But they can't help being Leysians.

The Exeter schoolmistress who has objected to the way one of her assistants does her hair, seems to have taken her position as *head*mistress literally.

A recent advertisement: "Books on How to Fly." Most appropriately appeared at quarter-day.

Woman's sphere—the Fancy Dress Ball.

"Doing" time—supporting the Daylight Saving Bill.

Mr. R. J. Price, a barrister, is now Sir R. J. Price, Bart. What a high Price!

Another phrase to go:—Making both ends meet is metaphysically impossible. That which has two ends can have no beginning. But although a thing, *e.g.*, a Chancery action, may begin and never end, that which never begins can never end. Then again, if two so-called ends meet, they cease *ipso facto* to be ends, being united in a circle, ellipse, or other complete curve. Decidedly the phrase must go.

MARS AND VENUS.

While the god of excursions and martial alarms
Has a right at all places and times to bear arms,
The goddess of Love, in displaying her charms,
May assert an equivalent right to bare arms.

Mr. John Long's new book "Nellie of the Eight Bells," evidently deals with the Barmaid question.

Sir Andrew Reed says many of the Irish clergy are in favour of the Licensing Bill. It does not apply to Ireland.

On returning from church the boy was asked what was the text, and replied, "Go to your aunt, you slugger."

A convict at Portland climbed up a crane and sang "We won't go home till morning." It must have been the 21st June, for he was back in chokey in no time.

"I will feed the canary myself," said the lady; "the doctor says I require exercise."

On the cover of a weekly journal we read, "Should Schoolboys Drink Beer? See inside." That's the only way to decide.

"Capital afternoon's sport at Cheltenham Steeplechases: Mr. Gaskell injured," appears in a contemporary. No wonder foreigners say we take our pleasures sadly.

Lord Howard de Walden, says a contemporary, writes plays, "and has been seen reading his poetry on a racecourse." There are different methods of making a book.

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"BLACK & WHITE"
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## JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

*NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?*

*OWING to the large demand, we have prepared another batch of picture postcards, and the Publisher will be pleased to forward a supply to readers upon receipt of stamped envelopes for postage.*

J. B. C. C. (Hailsham).—We are surprised to hear that the Horsham Guardians think it necessary that the bathing of the male inmates of the infirmary should be supervised by the nurses.

J. F. (Brixton).—The address of the British Esperanto Association is Museum Station Buildings, 133-166, High Holborn, W.C.

MR. G. DOUGLAS BUCHANAN writes to us from what he calls the Esperanto Consulate in Glasgow. We should like to know who appointed him, and when he received his exequatur. English is good enough for us, but we are interested to learn that Messrs. Buchanan, Scott and Co., who live in the same street as the "Consulate," have made an "officials viskio."

J. G. (Glasgow) informs us that the immediate application of any kind of dry paper will render burns painless. He discovered this by going to sleep while smoking cigars in Calcutta, a very dangerous habit. Jim proposes to burn Mrs. Crow, and cure her with a copy of the *Alliance News*.

A. B. (Bristol) is specially interested when we write on religious subjects in our valuable paper. He wants us to tell the Chinaman who wrote in our issue of May 23 "not to look to men or sects, but to look to the Lamb of God, who bore the sins of the whole world the day He laid down His life on Calvary's tree." We are glad to hear that A.B. feels "interested in his brother."

R. P. (Leeds).—Who told you we offered guineas for biscuits? It was an effort of the imagination.

E. W. L. (Lewis) received an unsolicited parcel of seeds from Gerome and Co., and is now being dunned with threatening postcards. He need not be frightened. Indeed, he would probably have a fair case for libel if he cared to sue. But see answer to S. M. T.

F. H. (Newbury).—Symonds' Stores were run by Scott, one of Arnold and Butler's confederates.

S. A. M. (South Hackney).—We certainly never approved of the outrage on Dreyfus.

F. T. H. (Manchester) thinks it an anomaly to keep a man for five months awaiting trial on the capital charge. Anomaly is scarcely the word we should use.

R. A. SMITH AND CO. (Broad Street House, E.C.) are among the bucket-shop keepers mentioned in the *Truth* Cautionary List. This is in answer to a West Bromwich correspondent who forgot to enclose his name.

"LITTLE MILLIE" (South Hackney).—If we were not tired of Limericks, we would certainly print yours.

P. M. F. (Basinghall Street).—We never heard of widows being "an occupation," even merry ones.

"GAUDENS" (Wallingford).—Yes, the successful numbers on our cover of May 9 were given in our issue of June 13. Surely the rules are quite clear.

S. J. L. (Hither Green) says that all instalment firms are not unscrupulous, and that £54 worth of goods could not come to a man's house without his knowledge.

H. B. W. (Birmingham).—Thanks for the funny cartoons, but is our tongue really so long as that? Take care you are not assaulted either by Mr. Crow or Mr. Crosland for confusing their identity. Sorry you find Dahlo dull, but perhaps you only say so for the sake of the joke. Your opinion is not shared by the majority of our readers.

"WELLWISHER" (Leicester) certainly has a grievance. He and seven friends went for a trip up the Menai Straits. When they reached their destination the captain told them the return boat would start at 3.45. They came back to the pier, but the boat was not there. At 4.55 another boat was starting, and they were told it was the last. So they went by it, and had to pay a shilling each extra, as it belonged to another company. We certainly think the original company (the Mersey Trading Co., South Castle Street, Liverpool) should refund the money. Our correspondent had better write to them again, and mention our name.

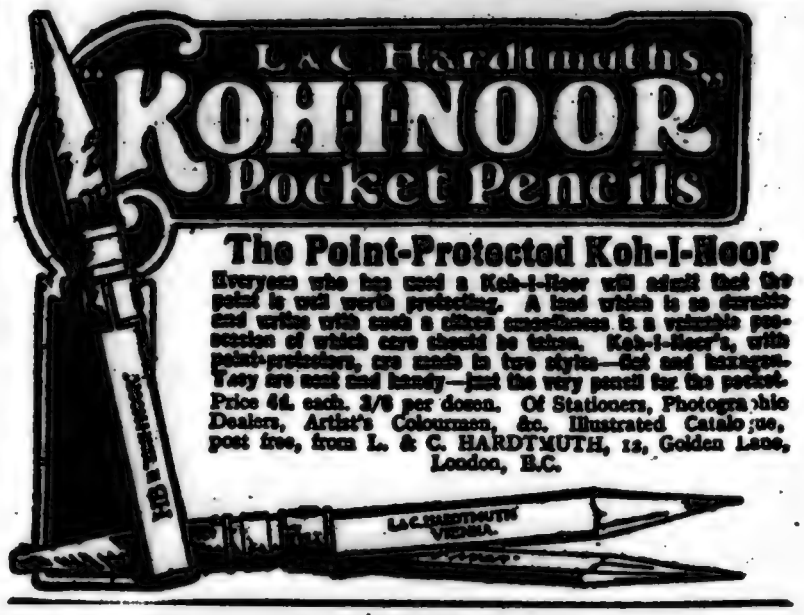
W. E. G. (New Wandsworth) informs us that "a handsewn man" is a term used in the boot trade. Evidently handsewn is as handsewn does.

MESSRS. BUCHANAN, SCOTT AND CO. (Glasgow).—How dare you sell whisky with those initials?

"ALISTER" (Victoria Street) replied to an advertisement in the *Morning Post* for a private secretary to a retired General. He received a printed circular from the Translation Bureau (Ystwyth House, Cemetery Road, Porth, Glamorgan) asking for a fee of 10s., and stating that "the General is 73 years of age; he lost his only companion, a niece, through marriage this month." We wonder whether the General authorised this, and what is his name?

P. C. (Edgbaston).—We have inquired into the methods of Hapgoods, Ltd., and found them satisfactory.

B. O. W. (Battle) objects to the Sunday opening of exhibitions, and asks whether it does not "seem degrading that we as a nation should sacrifice our Sabbath to a race of pleasure-seekers." But we were under the impression that Saturday was "the Sabbath."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F. B. E. (Glasgow).—You are not the only one who has had trouble about those lamps.

C. F. (Dundee) sends us a copy of the *Naini Tal Gazette and Ranikhet Advertiser* containing an advertisement of "The Historians' History of the World and some other novels." Very appropriate.

"HOPEFUL" (Stonehouse) says that he is "only a working man." Why "only"? And why should we consider his polite letter an insult?

J. W. B.—How can we send you a copy when you give no address?

M. N. (Westcliffe-on-Sea).—Why not learn a real language while you are about it? But see answer to "J. F. (Brixton)."

F. P. (Preston).—We do not quite follow your complaint. Why is it "a disgrace to the army that C. officers can make their own arrangements"?

F. R. H. (Barry Dock).—We did not know that Hobbledegobleydegobleydemaisonhonourificantitutticabletatabus was an English word, and we cannot find it in our dictionary. Is it a new kind of drink?

W. T. (Chiswick).—It is a good idea to leave the study of Esperanto until everybody else knows it.

"INDIGNANT" (Parkstown) wants a biscuit for a man who accepted a friend's hospitality by going to a garden party, and then two years later gave evidence that he had been bitten by one of the dogs there. But perhaps he did not bargain for the bite being included in the hospitality.

A. L. C. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Do you want his job?

F. B. (Brighton).—What on earth is the joke about the death of the cricketer's mother?

J. W. D. (Burutu, Southern Nigeria) has joined the International Correspondence School of 58, Chancery Lane, and is going to let us know how he gets on. It was too bad that his newsagents should send him another paper instead of JOHN BULL.

"ANSWERITE" thinks it very funny that no Londoners won a competition in *Answers*, the prize being a week-end in London. But we suppose that the competition was restricted to Provincials. We had not heard that "Jim Crow's old woman" was one of the winners. What a disrespectful way of talking!

"AN ANGLO-INDIAN" wants to know where he can get a copy of "Russell's India," written by a correspondent during the Mutiny.

B. B. (Wood Green) likes us because we expose frauds of all descriptions, and he wants us to speak of something which he thinks is a menace to the well-being of thousands—he refers to the wretched beer now being sold in London. He thinks there ought to be a periodical inspection of beer. But surely there is.


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H. J. (Stalefoot) and others.—Many thanks for copies of papers containing puffs of the "wreaky une." We are following the matter up.

A. E. L. (Camberwell).—We are giving Lord Northcliffe and his publications a bit of a rest.

A. E. R. (Hove) and others.—Thanks for informing us that in our recent Open Letter to Mrs. Forwood, we addressed her as of 31, Fourth Avenue, Hove, instead of 31, *First* Avenue, and that we spelt her name "Forward."

H. S. (New Cross), having asked us for the name of a good local parliament, the Secretary of the Hampstead Parliament, Mr. M. A. Bennet, invites him to write for particulars to 72, Mark Lane, E.C. F. S. (Muswell Hill) recommends his local parliament.

M. J. D. (Hull).—There is no chance of the passing of the Premature Burial Bill during the present Session. It has been prematurely buried.

E. W. B. (New Cross).—It was rather clever of the newsagent to put up a *Daily Mail* contents bill with the words "Caravan Falls 150 Feet Into an English Lake," and then to put another poster by the side with the words, "Pleasures of Caravan Life."

A. C. (Manchester).—If your previous letter was only about the London Premium and Tea Co., we probably contented ourselves with acknowledging it among many others.

W. E. S. (Pietermaritzburg) sends us a long letter denying the probability of Boer loyalty, but we hope he is unduly pessimistic. By this time he will have seen our remarks about "the Bantam Cock Colony."

Mrs. I. H. (Shepherd's Bush Road) has a grievance against the Franco-British Exhibition about her guinea ticket, but we are sure the management desires to do the right thing.

S. M. T. asserts that it was one of Gerome's confederates who wrote to us saying that he had received £25 from them for a competition, but we have no means of finding out.

"ESPERANTIST."—Thanks. Esperanto is a beautiful language, and we agree that it is easier than German. When travelling in Germany, however, we prefer to rely on the Deutch.

"BEN HUR" had an unpleasant experience of the Artificial Teeth Aid Society, but they eventually refunded his money. They could not, however, replace the six teeth which they extracted.

"GAMMA" (Edgbaston).—Thanks for the information, but why are so many people interested in the calculation of profits? At any rate, it is pleasant to reflect that there are so many profits knocking about.

F. W. C. (West Norwood).—You cannot be a good Suffragette if you object to the appointment of Grace Taylor as porter at the Norwood Poor Law Schools.

W. R. C. (Oakgates).—Our hands are too full to permit of our investigating *London Opinion's* methods in connection with its various competitions.

S. H. H. (London, W.) complains about some people who offered to send 36 lbs. of soap for 3s. and do not mention that they do not pay the carriage. We have had previous complaints as to the quality of the soap.

H. F. H. (Westcliff-on-Sea), "7 TIMES 7" (Blackpool), A. J. C. (Leyton), and J. F. H. (Poplar) write about an article called "A Chinese Puzzle," which we published some weeks ago. One of them suggests that our Chinaman should study the Bible, and obligingly provides him with a list of texts which we have not yet had time to verify. Another offers to "take him right through Christianity in the back streets of the East End." Another points out that "our greatest troubles are those which never come," a profound truth. Finally, a "Leader of a Bible class" wants to meet our Chinaman and convert him. What time can he start for Pekin?

H. P. (Wimbledon) takes exception to some of the statements in our recent article on Natal. He says the white population is 90,000, and not 20,000, and he traverses generally our suggestion that the Natalians, during the Boer war, were actuated by mercenary rather than patriotic motives. We hope he is right.

THE REV. E. A. BRADNEY BOCKETT, of Southsea, writes thanking us for our efforts on behalf of his son, to whose unjustifiable dismissal from the Admiralty we recently called attention; and he hopes that a new Government post will soon be found for him. So do we.

G. C. (Northampton) smiles at the affected complaisance with which the *Northampton Daily Chronicle* swallowed the biscuit we recently awarded it. We share his smile.

C. J. B. (Eastbourne) sends us a picture of a family of twenty-two persons who live on scraps of bread and margarine. He thinks it disgusting, but surely he is not the person principally concerned. The family in question seem to look fairly healthy on their diet, and we cannot go into the whole question of Malthusianism in an answer to a correspondent who does not even venture to give us his name.

"AULD REEKIE" (Edinburgh) protests against a quotation from Pope being ascribed by some scribe to Burns, but this particular quotation was used by Burns in inverted commas, and there is some excuse for the blunder. In any case, it does not matter.

"VACUNA" (Birmingham) wants a biscuit for somebody who alluded to a thumb as a finger. Is it then regarded as a toe in the city of Fiscalitis?

R. A. P. (Streatham).—We must not give a biscuit to the lady, "residing in Streatham," who "wishes to obtain a baby." Remember, we are a family paper.

"LIVE AND LET LIVE" (Brixton Hill) disapproves of trusts and, we hope, of monopolies. He will therefore probably vote for the forthcoming nationalisation of railways.

"NON CON" (Oswestry).—Glad to hear from you—but you *do* spin it out!

"BRUTUS" (Southall).—We agree with every word you say.

"DEU" (Southwold).—What on earth does it matter?

"RAYNER" (Montreal).—What is your objection to Larry Lynx? You surely cannot follow English racing out there.

S. S. wants to know if Mr. Plowden could live on 30s. a week? He might find a job on *Punch*, perhaps.

H. M. (Harrow) suggests that the German battleship should be called "Dreadnuddings." Ha! ha! ha!

D. B. G. (Belfast).—Other papers besides *London Opinion* have repeated their jokes in the same number. It gives the readers a double chance of seeing them.

J. T. (Redcar).—Free Trade does not mean giving undue advantages to the foreigner. As to the lunatic's letter, we said it had a tragic side. Thanks for biscuit.

L. F. G. (Edgware Road) put his name down on the register of the Polytechnic Labour Bureau on March 27 for any kind of situation and paid a fee of 2s. 6d. But he was never even sent after one situation, but it may not be the fault of the Bureau.

*(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)*


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## RACING NOTES.

By W. Lottage.

**Welcome Buyers.**

Señor Guillermo Paats, accompanied by his stud groom, the Englishman, Tom Mucklow, has just gone back again to Buenos Ayres, taking out Cyllene, as also Polar Star, another stallion, which object was the real reason of their journey.

**Instinctively True.**

The s.p. bookmakers, satisfied with what they have won already this season, are now easing off, reducing their advertisements, and generally seeking to have a peaceful interval (on backers' money), to launch out again and become busy (at cramped odds) over the autumn handicaps.

**A Good Little 'Un.**

Peridelle, the winner of the Johannesburg Autumn Handicap, worth £1,500, only stands 14.1, and among those she beat were such well-known horses on this side as Sarcelle, Sir Daniel, Knight of Tully, Bilton Park, Stephen's Green, and Seanchudhe. The filly is now in England and will soon compete here.

**To Win the Viceroy's Cup.**

I am open to purchase for racing in India one or two useful handicap horses, 4 or 5-year-olds, and which are PROVED stayers. They must be thoroughly sound in every sense, but otherwise their sex or colour is of no consequence, as long as they are light-topped horses, likely to act well and last long on hard ground.

**A Veteran Jockey.**

There was no more fashionable or successful jockey a dozen years ago than James Woodburn, who for so many seasons was associated with Lord Zetland's jacket, and rode as first jockey for the late Sir Blundell Maple, whose death made a very big difference to Woodburn. Although verging towards the veteran stage (when we look upon the mannikin juveniles employed as jockeys nowadays), there is no gainsaying Woodburn's ability and experience, both at training and riding—and he would be a real good right-hand man to any trainer or in any stable. Woodburn can ride 7st. 7lbs., and is specially desirous of accepting a retainer from any owner abroad, particularly in South Africa, where he might well prove a triton among the minnows.

**Jockeys v. Champion Athletes.**

It was with very profound regret that I had to announce the abandonment for this year of my usual charity cricket match at Kennington Oval, which has now become quite an institution. It was never, nor is it now, my intention to discontinue it, but this season a totally unexpected obstacle, making the match impracticable, cropped up. Hitherto the date has been the Monday in the "First July" week, usually the first few days in July. This year, however, the Monday fell in June, and therefore clashed with a county fixture, and Surrey were playing at the Oval. In consequence the Surrey C.C.C. Committee—who have always been generous enough to grant the free use of the ground—had allotted me Monday, July 13, the Monday of the SECOND July fixture. On this day, for several reasons—with intermission—there have been matches played on the Newmarket cricket field between the Jockeys and Press. I not unnaturally expected that it would have been the easiest thing possible for the two matches to have changed dates, and was astonished to find that such could not be brought about. Therefore, having failed to effect the proposed change, and although half the preliminary work had been done, there was no alternative but to reluctantly and respectfully give up the match, the entire proceeds of which had this year been promised to the Royal Waterloo Hospital for Women and Children and the Evelina Hospital. It would be as unkind—as it is unnecessary—for me to make any further comment upon the facts. Not unnaturally most of the jockeys resident in Newmarket, riding work there in the morning and in races again the next day, gladly seized the opportunity literally "made" for them to remaining at headquarters to play in a cricket match there, rather than make the express and expensive journey to town, only to scamper back again to Newmarket the same evening. All things are for the best, however, as on the allotted day the rain would have made cricket impracticable. Another year I trust it will be practicable to renew the successful matches in the splendid causes of charity, and then, I know, despite this lapse, I can count on the renewed aid of my many generous readers.


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**Prophetic.**

It is hardly a hint to say that THE WHITE KNIGHT ought to again win the Goodwood Cup to-day (Thursday), and I would much sooner take the bigger sporting risk of supporting MAROZZO in the Drayton Handicap.

At Alexandra Park on Saturday CRUSADER should, if a competitor, win at last.

I hear, too, that old UNINSURED is on his legs again and going well, but I'm afraid to tip an Alfriston horse again!

### THE LIVING-IN SYSTEM.
### WHAT IS THIS?

What is this we hear about what looks like an epidemic amongst the living-in staff of a well-known drapery house?

As you are interested in shop assistants, and advocate the abolition of the "living-in" system," it will doubtless interest you to know that about eight of our men were on Monday seized with some mysterious disorder, the nature of which is not disclosed to them or their fellow-employés. Since then the complaint has spread, the number under treatment having now risen to a score. Doctors and nurses are in constant attendance, a corridor has been completely isolated, and the whole house disinfected. Fresh cases continue to occur, and the patients are known to suffer the greatest agonies. Various disturbing rumours are circulated among the assistants, as to the cause and nature of the complaint. "Ptomaine poisoning" (from bad food), "Abdominal influenza," and even "English cholera" being the theories usually advocated. It is to be hoped that these rumours may be untrue, but the extreme reticence on the part of the "firm" causes much anxiety, and we think it only fair to those afflicted, their friends, and fellow-workers that the true nature of the disease be made known.

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